



JOHN BULL

TWOPENCE

OVER A MILLION CERTIFIED SALE

STOP NERVOUS HEADACHE

NEURALGIA, RHEUMATISM,
NERVE PAINS, LUMBAGO,
INFLUENZA COLDS

by taking

**Beecham's
Powders**

8
POWDERS
FOR
1/3d.
SINGLE POWDERS
2d EACH.

Not a single drug, but a remarkable combination of the finest ingredients procurable.

Do not contain
Aspirin.
Cannot affect
the heart.

Taken as directed, Beecham's Powders stop Nervous Headache and Nerve Pains and banish Colds and Influenza. This is evinced by the many testimonials received, accumulated experience proving that Beecham's Powders, like Beecham's Pills, do what they claim.

A Leading Government Official in Ireland stated:—
I commenced the morning with a wretched HEADACHE and thought I would put Beecham's Powders to the test, so took one. The Headache vanished, and I had not a trace of it for the rest of the day.

A Gentleman from Tullamore, Ireland says:—
"After enduring INTENSE PAINS IN MY HEAD for several days, a friend recommended your Powders, and the relief they gave me was amazing."

A Lady from Nottingham writes:—
Last week end I was suffering from a SEVERE INFLUENZA COLD AND VERY BAD HEADACHE. After taking two of your powders I had instant relief and subsequent recovery to my normal self.

It is most important that the system be kept regular. Beecham's Pills are the renowned remedy for this purpose, and for biliousness, indigestion, disordered liver and stomach troubles.



Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.

Postage all over the world. 1d.

**IF
THE
DEAD
RETURNED?**

by
E. ROFFE THOMPSON

When you're overworked and worried



YEAST IS LIFE

ONE of the greatest discoveries of the century: Pure Yeast and Vitamins—No harmful drugs. The gentle fermentation of Yeast-Vite when in contact with the gastric juices of the Stomach causes a stimulating, buoyant feeling of extreme vigour. This wonderful Yeast-Vitamin Treatment is guaranteed to be safer, quicker and more effective than Aspirin.

When out of sorts or depressed, take 1 or 2 YEAST-VITE Tablets, and feel fresh and frisky in a few minutes.

YEAST-VITE IS RICH IN VITAMIN B.

An eminent specialist, in his article on Health, has emphasized the importance of Vitamin B as a tonic which causes the nerves to function properly. And in his list of essential foods he mentions YEAST as rich in Vitamin B.



IRVING'S Yeast-Vite TABLETS will relieve:—

Indigestion, Flatulence, in 5 to 10 minutes.
Biliousness, Dizziness, Depression, in 10 to 15 minutes.
Disordered Stomach, Liver, etc., in 10 to 20 minutes.
Headache, Neuralgia, etc., in 5 minutes.
Influenza Colds, Fever, in 24 hours.

CAUTION.—See the name Irving's Yeast-Vite on every carton and bottle. Refuse fraudulent substitutes which are worthless.

Irving's Yeast Vite Tonic Tablets

OUR GUARANTEE.

Obtain a 1/3 bottle of Irving's YEAST-VITE Tablets from your chemist. If not thoroughly convinced of the wonderful power of these tablets BY ACTUAL RESULTS, post the empty bottle to us, and we will refund the money by return of post.

IRVING'S • YEAST • VITE • LABORATORIES
CECIL HOUSE, HOLBORN VIADUCT, LONDON, E.C.1.

Why is it A SALESMAN MAKES MORE MONEY THAN YOU



WALLACE ATTWOOD,
F.R.S., M.P.E., &c.,
Britain's Greatest
Trainer of Salesmen.

If you are in a "routine job," you are really paying for all the high priced supervision over you. You pay the men above for doing the thinking work for you, and for checking your work. Few people realize this profound truth.

But a Travelling Salesman naturally has to work without supervision or checking. He has to go out and use his own initiative and control his own actions. That is one reason why he is paid more. The other reason is, the results of his work are so TANGIBLE. He can be paid on results, and he is. The more he can make in commission, in addition to salary, the better his firm like it.

If you have backbone and grit, Wallace Attwood can train you by post to be a successful salesman. Appearance, manner, education, business experience, matter little. But you must have "guts." After training, he undertakes to introduce you to progressive firms with vacancies for Travelling Salesmen. His training includes showing you how to sell your services at the highest figure. And, further, he watches over you during your first three weeks "on the road," so as to ensure you not only get a good post, but also KEEP IT.

Don't wait for Promotion— PROMOTE YOURSELF!

Many Attwood-trained men are now earning their £500, £600, £800 and £1,000 a year. Lift yourself into that class, with Wallace Attwood's help. Send coupon below (or postcard) for full particulars—without any obligation.

THE WALLACE
ATTWOOD COLLEGE
UNDERTAKES TO

1 Give you the most complete training in Salesmanship, including Practical Demonstrations.

2 Train you to sell your services and introduce you to salaried positions with firms of repute requiring Travelling Salesmen (not shop assistants).

3 Ensure your success during your first three weeks "on the road" by special manuals and advice. The service we offer you is the result of training 20,000 people for business.

THE WALLACE ATTWOOD COLLEGE,
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Please send me, free of charge, your 24-page illustrated book, "The Profession of Salesmanship."

NAME

ADDRESS

Please write in pencil

Dept. 122

FILL IN AND POST TO-DAY



CORNS lifted right out.

Cutting corns is useless. Knives are dangerous, and shaving the top off a corn does not affect the root at all. It is the pointed root which presses on the nerves and causes pain. Caustics are equally useless. The only way with an obstinate corn is Radox. After soaking your corn in a footbath containing a level table-spoonful of Radox Bath Salts you will be able to lift the whole corn out painlessly, root and all. Read this letter:—

I cannot speak too highly of your Radox Bath Salts. I first used it about two years ago, and after a few days was actually able to pick out by the roots the corns from which I at times had suffered agonies. I have used Radox once a week ever since to freshen my feet and keep them sweet. All the members of my family use it and speak highly of it.

10th January, 1927. J. M., Cheddar.

When you put your feet into a footbath containing Radox, the salts soften the hard outer layers of the corn, and the oxygen which Radox liberates enters the pores, opens them, and penetrates further and further, carrying the corn-softening salts right to the root of the corn, which is thus loosened so that it may be lifted out bodily. The life-giving oxygen leaves the feet clean and healthy. Since it is the oxygen which carries the corn solvents to the root of the corn and since Radox liberates, by test, more oxygen than any other salts on the market, it is clear that Radox is more efficient in removing corns than any other salts.

Ask for Radox at your chemist's, price 1/6 per 1/2 lb. pink packet, 2/6 double quantity.

1/6
Half Pound
Pink Packet

Radox Bath Salts

GIVE YOUR FEET THAT "KRUSCHEN FEELING."



YOURS FOR ONLY 6D WEEKLY



THE MOST MARVELLOUS WATCH BARGAIN IN THE WORLD.
Your choice of a Wonderful Patent 8-day Watch or Handsome Demi-Hunting Watch at the sensational cut price of only 21/- each.

PAY
AS YOU
WEAR

Exactly as Illustrated
YOUR CHOICE.

For 21/- Only

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PAY
AS YOU
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These beautiful Gold-Cased Watches have a patent automatic unbreakable release action, and cannot get out of order through over winding. Jewelled movement, accurate and reliable time-keeper. Goes for eight days with once winding, guaranteed for five years.

These handsome Gold-Cased Demi-Hunting Watches are exactly similar in make, shape, and appearance to the highest grade gold hunters costing twenty guineas. A perfect watch, highly polished case, double dial, jewelled movement, warranted five years.

One of these valuable watches will be sent to you on receipt of ONLY 1/- Deposit. The Balance (20/-) can be paid at 2/- PER MONTH after receipt of the watch.

A handsome present given with each watch for cash with order. Send for this marvellous bargain NOW.
THE CENTRAL SUPPLY STORES (LTD) 6, Pall Mall, Market Street, Manchester.



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A Perfect Postal Service for Bargain Hunters

WHEN SENDING
Write name and address in block letters. Give exact description of goods required. Send money and Treasury Notes by registered post. Always mention JOHN BULL.

PAY FOR YOUR EASTER SUIT AS YOU WEAR IT

Gent's Suits made to measure in the latest styles of cloth, perfectly tailored. Pay 7/6 down and the rest in easy monthly instalments until you have paid in all **52/6**

Before placing your order elsewhere write for Patterns, Catalogue and simple Self-measurement Form.

J. B. THORNE & CO
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QUALITY & VALUE

GRAVES BENEFIT SALE
Comprising 3 white super-quality Flannel Blankets, Blue borders, size 66 x 90 in weight 7 lbs. 2 coloured Flannel Blankets, White borders, size 66 in weight 5 lbs. 1 coloured Alhambra Quilt, size 70 x 90 in weight 5 lbs. 2 unbleached Grey Bolson Towel hemmed Sheets, size 70 x 90 in weight 4 lbs. 2 White Pillow Cases, size 20 x 30 in. 1 White Bolster Case, size 20 in. Price 50/-

TERMS: Send 5/- now, 5/- monthly, 5/- Discount for cash. Catalogue Post Free. J. G. Graves Ltd. Sheffield.



YOUR LAST CHANCE
to secure 25% reduction. Solid Seamed Oak BED-CHAMBER. Polished dark, with 3 reversible Cushions in Brown Corduroy Velvet. Reduced from 32/6 to 25/-. Delivered free London area. England and Wales 3/6 extra. Satisfaction or Money Back.

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HYDROLEUM FLOOR COVERING

Every Roll is two yards wide. Thicker than high priced Cork Lino. Guaranteed rot, damp and vermin proof, easily cleaned. For stone, brick damp or ordinary wooden floors.

PRICE ONLY 15/- PER ROLL OF 72 FEET

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Offers all Wireless Pans the Finest and Best Loud Speakers and Headphones yet produced. Designed and manufactured on the very latest Scientific Principles. Thousands of Pounds have been expended in Research Work to attain THE FINEST WORLD FAMOUS NESPER EFFICIENCY Headphones 10/9 sent on receipt of 5/-

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Balance 2/- monthly. De Luxe Loud Speaker 45/6, 5/6 deposit, 5/6 monthly. Super Crystal Set complete with 3 Pair Phones, 25/6, 5/6 deposit.

Bargains Catalogue Free on application.
THE WIRELESS DISTRIBUTING CO., LTD. (Dept. J.B.),
WIRELESS HOUSE, STOKES NEWINGTON ROAD, N.16.



PLUS FOUR SUITS 48/6

Scotch made from pure all-wool Home-spun Tweeds. 50 varieties of fashionable weaves & colourings. Perfect tailoring & accurate fit. For sizes 35 to 45 inch chest.

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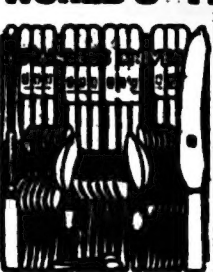


SHEFFIELD CUTLERY SERVICE
WORLD'S FINEST VALUE.

1 pr Double Shear Steel Carvers, 1 pr Table Knives & 6 Stainless Steel Knives, 1 pr Table Spoons & 6 Dessert Spoons & 6 Tea Spoons & 6 Dessert Forks & 6 Table Forks, 1 pr Butter Tunnies, 1 pr Salt Spoon, all of Columbus Silver which wears white throughout. 50 p each 50/-

TERMS: 5/- now & 5/- monthly. Five per cent discount allowed for cash. Complete approval at home.

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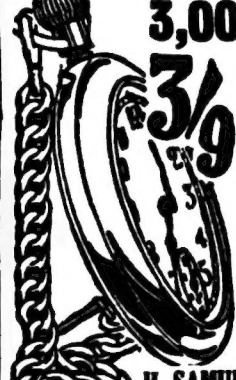
3,000 FACTORY PRICE BARGAINS

Bauble Rings, Bangles, Pendants, Watches, &c. - examples of the money you save by buying from the Empire's largest Jewel Factory illustrated in H. Samuel's **BIG FREE BOOK!**

Send a postcard for it now! **FREE PRIZES FOR ALL BUYERS!** This fine Nickelled Watch fully warranted **3/9** Post free

ONE PAYMENT ONLY. With handsome chain 4/6

Write now to:
H. SAMUEL (Dept. 199), Market St., Manchester.



FINEST VALUE SEMI-FOLDING BABY-CAR.

The Graves Semi-Folding Car is the embodiment of Lightness, Strength and Comfort. It has Tubular Handle & Steel Frame mounted Black, well padded seat & adjustable back, detachable sides, and stout leather safety strap. Unrivalled in best quality Navy Blue leather cloth. Two-inch wheels, 1 1/2" wide on rubber Tyres. Price 32/-

Delivered carriage paid to approved orders for 4/- Balance in 7 monthly payments of 4/- if you are all disappointed in it you are at all disappointed in it you are at all disappointed in it

WRITE FOR CATALOGUE.
Folding Frame & Baby Carriages. Finest value in trade.

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SPECIAL OFFER for limited period only
72 SQ. FT. for 15/-

THICKER THAN LINOLEUM.

Waterproof, Rubproof and Sanitary. For either Brick, Stone, Concrete or Wood Floors. Being Stainless, a damp cloth is all that is required to clean it. In rolls containing 72 square feet for 15/- Longer lengths at special rates.

All rolls are 2 yards wide.
Send for Free Sample.

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PAROLEUM



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Carriage Paid U.K.
Or 21 down and 11 monthly instalments of 20/6.

Model No. 14. Richly Oak finished. Jacobean Pedestal. Pull-down "Junior" sound-box and strong DOUBLE SPRING and three-record motor; all 1927 improvements; extra tone and great volume. Sent direct from factory to you.

Send for list of 20 models.
GAMNET GRAMOPHONES CO. (Dept. J.B.),
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FULLOTONE
The Gramophone of the Future



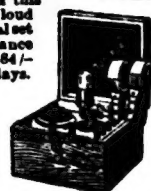
'HOTSPUR' POPULAR ONE VALVE SET 4/-

For 4/- only we send you this specially designed Receiver for loud signals and listeners just out of crystal set range. If quite satisfied, you pay balance in 6 monthly payments of 10/- (84/- in all) or 23 1/4 if balance in 7 days.

Specification:—Ormond Condenser and Rheostat, Quality Coil Holder and Valve Socket, etc. Mounted in Oak Cabinet, hinged lid, all fittings nickel-plated. Complete with D.R. valve. 2-volt Kilde Accumulator, 60-volt H.T. Battery. 2 Plus-in Collis, Super lightweight Phones, Plug, Leads, etc. Royalty (12/6) paid. Send only 4/- now.

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Radio Manufacturers. Send for Radio Catalogue.
SUMNER ONE, LONDON, E.18.

Super Crystal Set 2/- down, 3/- on receipt, 7 subsequent monthly payments of 5/-



Cut-a-dusta

For Dusters, Polishing Cloths, etc. This Stockinette is indispensable for Housewives, Motorists, and Engineers. Made of Pure Cotton Fabric which does not scratch and leaves no fluff. JOHN BULL readers have the benefit of very much reduced prices, so send to-day. All carriage paid.

250 yds. 20/-	200 yds. 16/-	100 yds. 8/-	50 yds. 4/-	12 yds. 1/6
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C.O.D. on 100yds. or over.
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RUSSELL'S NEW OSCILLATING DETECTOR

has won striking tributes from the Wireless Press, including "Pittman's Radio Year Book," who say:—"Efficient and Reliable and may be recommended to any reader interested in Crystal Oscillation."

INCREASES RANGE
LOUD AS A VALVE. NO BATTERIES.

Enjoy the permanence of Valve-set range and volume. Fitted to any Crystal Set in a few moments. Lasting efficiency.

POST PAID 2/9 Satisfaction or money returned

RUSSELL LABORATORIES, 1111 Street, Birmingham. Trade, ask for Terms.



Cork Lino

If you want beautiful lino which will last long, needs no scrubbing to keep it in its brightness and which costs very little indeed, you must get it from Catesbys. Famous for Lino for years.

FREE. Write to-day for pattern book of many wonderful and artistic designs, samples and prices.

CATESBYS Ltd. Dept. K13,
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NEWEST SPRING CLOTHS

Beautiful ranges of all the Season's Materials at Direct from Mill prices.

CHARMELAINES, REPPS, TWEEDS, FACE CLOTHS, SERGES, SILKS LATEST TRIMMINGS, LININGS, etc.

Our wonderful values will save you POUNDS on your Spring Dress requirements.

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DIRECT WOOLLEN SUPPLY LTD.,
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STYLISH LOUNGE SUITS
FINEST VALUE IN THE TRADE.

7/6 NOW

Our simple self-measurement Form enables you to furnish us with your correct measures, and we guarantee to supply a stylish well-fitting garment.

We deliver the Graves 50/- suit to approved orders for 7/6 with order. Balance in monthly payments, if satisfied. Money refunded if disappointed.

Patterns Post Free. Send post card for patterns cut from actual cloth lengths from which suits are made. Prices from 50/-

J. G. Graves Ltd. Sheffield.



FREEMANS
Celebrated **SPARE TIME AGENCY**
CASH OR CREDIT

Boots, Gents and Ladies Clothing, Hats, Coats, Costumes & Underwear, Corsets, Lingerie, Drapery, Groceries, Wines, Spirits, Jewellery, Watches, Clocks, China, Toys, Baby Carriages, etc.

Men in regular employment appointed as Agents.

Largest stock in the trade. Liberal supply of samples. Highest Commission paid.

NO OUTLAY. ALL PROFIT. Regularize for Agency. Invited.

LAVENDER HILL, LONDON.

THIS IS THE BEST BARGAIN OFFER

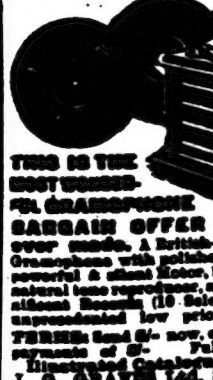
over made. A British-made Gramophone with polished Oak Cabinet, powerful & silent Motor, 100% mechanical tone reproduction, and 100% mechanical tone reproduction, of the highest standard (10 Selections) at the unprecedented low price of 25/6

TERMS: Send 5/- now, and 11 monthly payments of 5/-

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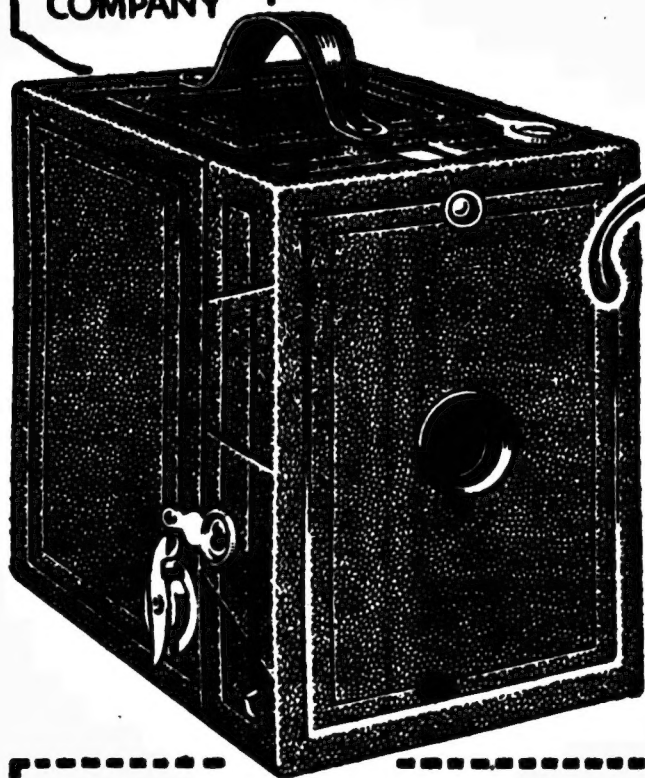
GRAVES GRAMOPHONES





Spring flowers

GUARANTEED
MADE BY
THE KODAK
COMPANY



It's Primrose time—Summer and the holidays are not far off—why not have a camera this year and take happy little snaps like this? You can get a beauty, FREE! simply by smoking really good cigarettes—there are none to beat "BLACK CATS"—and saving the coupons in the packets. Start now and by the holidays you'll get this

Free **KODAK MADE
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VIRGINIA CIGARETTES
10 for 6^d

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To The BLACK CAT CIGARETTE CO.
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Please send me Free Booklet and Five Free Coupons.

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ONLY ONE OF THESE SIGNED COUPONS WILL BE ACCEPTED.

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Right to Justice and Truth.

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The WORLD, the FLESH & the DEVIL



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HUMBOLDT,
London.

Not So Crazy.

That the Government should think of risking a sudden General Election on a bad Budget and the feeblest of legislative records seems to many of their followers like madness. But there's a lot more to it than that.

Nothing to Hope For.

The Cabinet knows very well that neither its Budgets nor its Bills are likely to get any better. Of drastic economy or popular reform it is incapable. In the present state of the Party it simply can't be done.

Before the Jury.

Whenever the election comes, it will be just the old, old story, "Keep out the Reds!" The Government will stick to the rule of counsel with a bad case, "Call no evidence, and abuse the plaintiff."

Doing the Trick Quietly.

Another attempt to "stampede" the country into Protection is unlikely. The plotters' plan is to get rid of hampering pledges without advertising the fact. If the electors don't want taxes on their food they must keep a sharp lookout.

Frothy Stuff.

Those who speak of democracy being on its last legs talk through their hats. Democracy is the rule of the people. It is imperfect, but holds the seeds of liberty. That's why it is worth keeping.

Keep Your Heads.

Sane people will not be handed over to experts, tyrants, nor dictators. An enfranchised people is a free people. That is why every man and woman with a vote must be alert. Their destinies lie in their own keeping.

The Bustling Chancellor.

After tobacco and wine Mr. Churchill gets his eye on the gramophone record as a tax-producer. To tax away the people's amusements is the short way to ruin. Life isn't all grind.

Nibbling.

The Chancellor is giving close attention to income-tax arrears. His new plan will probably be to make an addition to every tax that isn't paid promptly. As a money-getter it's as good as trying to extract blood out of a stone.

A Spiritual Bomb.

Viscount Cecil's motion for the abolition of conscription may cause some delegates at Geneva to shiver, but it is the beginning of the end. Europe must have a vision other than that of the armed camp or real peace will for ever remain a dream.

Applying the Axe.

The wholesale cutting down of Government staffs was the recommendation of the House of Lords as a sole means of achieving economy. What's wanted is a wholesale cutting down of expenditure on armaments.

The Powder Keg.

The trouble in the Balkans must be forced to remain there. That's where the match was struck in 1914. This time Europe won't be drawn in. She's had some.

M. Briand the Peacemaker.

France doesn't mean to be a firebrand either. The French Ambassador at Rome was ordered to protest against the report that France had encouraged the Jugo-Slavs to stir up trouble in Albania. Peace is what the peoples want to-day, and what they'll get if they insist on it.

The Pity of It.

There is no prospect of the League of Nations intervening in the Balkans, since it has not been appealed to. That's the one flaw at Geneva. The nations must combine to amend it.

Falling Food.

Food prices already down to "only" 62 per cent. above pre-war level are bound to fall further. There's no keener weapon against profiteering than publicity. And we've done our share.

Fishy Business.

Fish profits in some places are being lowered. If housewives back up our efforts by watching prices we may get back to the 2½d. a pound of pre-war days. It's where women shop, and what they pay, that matters.

Youth is Moving.

All over the civilised world this summer youth will take tramping holidays to promote international friendship. Youth pays the toll in war, now it means to prevent it. It's a remarkably healthy sign.

Our Funniosities.

We are a queer people, as witness the solemn committee met to consider whether or not it is safe to allow us to buy cigarettes and chocolates after eight in the evening. Seriously, public patience is waning.

Sauce for the Goose.

It would help the members of this precious committee to reach a quicker conclusion if they applied practical tests. Why not restrict their own small luxuries to pennyworths bought after the day's work was done? That would teach them.

In the Age of Science!

In Somerset men almost nude crawl through the coal-mines with a rope round their waists and through their legs hauling sleighs of coal. England, who boasts of freeing slaves, wake up!

What It Means.

The skin under the rope breaks and coal dust gets in and causes torture. Knees swell and joints give way. Is it any wonder miners are "dissatisfied"?

Another Startling Fact.

There are more than 20,000 boys under sixteen working underground. They are not permitted to work on the surface coal between 9 p.m. and 5 a.m., yet they work below! The Bill to prohibit such inhuman night labour must become law.

Sentenced to Health!

Parkhurst Prison authorities have been publicly congratulated on the low mortality among convicts. What an indictment of everyday life! In prison there's no overcrowding, and the food, if plain, is at least always there.

Why Babies Die.

A careful enquiry is to be conducted in Sunderland, Croydon, Oxfordshire and Staffs to ascertain the exact cause of death of every child under twelve months. It is part of a world-wide investigation, and that forms its value.

Child Welfare.

Stirred by the League of Nations, France, Holland, Germany, Austria, Norway, Italy and Great Britain all want to save the children. It's up to the parents to see that they are saved, but neither for conscription nor cannon fodder.

Saving the Singers.

Lady Cory offers a prize of £100 for a scientific substitute for the beautiful birds sacrificed to test the presence of gas in mines. That is real humanity with a money backing.

They are Wanted, but—

The revival and extension of brickmaking in Lincolnshire are all to the good. Better still would be a lowering of prices. Dear bricks, and dearer land, are the root causes of the housing shortage.

Serious, but Not Fatal.

In every department of life the adage holds true that if one member of the body suffer, all the others suffer with it. That's why the railways have had a bad year. When folk can't get work they neither transport goods nor buy tickets.

Out for Justice.

The Guild of Insurance Officials, numbering 12,000 members, is out for "a marrying wage." That's to the good. Better still if they attack the cost of living. That's what makes any wage to-day almost useless.

The More We Are Together.

Farmers who closed the right of way across fields at the foot of Werneth Low, Cheshire, met their match when two thousand people marched up and tore down the barriers. To enclose public property to-day is to act like an ostrich with its head in the sand.

The Foxes have Holes.

Five persons were found sheltering under arches, and sixty-eight men and twenty-eight women found wandering the streets, when the census of homeless persons was taken in London on February 18. Freedom to starve is a part of our civilisation that for very shame must be altered.

Fresh "Bullets" Gifts!

LOUD-SPEAKER
FOLDING BABY-CAR
6 pr. SILK STOCKINGS
"JACK HOBBS" BAT
TENNIS RACKET
BLANKETS & SHEETS

These new Gifts and many other splendid Prizes await you in "Bullets" this week. See page 39

Cool Pluck.

It takes pluck and a cool head to fling yourself flat on a four-foot way when you realise a shunted engine is close upon you. By doing this, we are glad to say that Edward Fawley, a Kettering railway guard, escaped from his predicament uninjured. A man like that will get on in life.

A Brute.

A man who can allow a horse to lie ill on its side for days on a rough floor until skin and flesh were worn away, and to die unattended from eleven wounds, deserves to have some bodily discomfort himself. Being sent to prison for two months is a more just punishment than the imposition of a fine.

British Best.

It is dangerous, nowadays, to try and palm off foodstuff under a wrong title. Ernest Thompson, a Reechdale nurseryman, has just been fined £5, with costs, for selling tomatoes falsely described as English. A healthy sign that the nation is waking up to the importance of not allowing the public to be "done" by its food retailers.

Child Neglect.

For sending their children to school in a verminous condition, Sylvester Cowie and his wife, of Westerton, Fyvie, were fined at Aberdeen 40s. each. Water is cheap, soap is not dear, and combs are within reach even of the poor. There is no excuse, therefore, for parents, and others will do well to remember this.

Ungallant Youths.

Nothing makes us feel as though the manhood of the country were going to pieces so much as when we hear that, when a fire broke out in a building at Salford, a number of youths scrambled down a ladder to safety, leaving six girls to follow as best they could. "Gentlemen first" is not a motto for any self-respecting nation.

Wrong Treatment.

"I can't help stealing," was the plea of Thomas Cooper, a twenty-year-old youth, at the Liverpool County Police Court; "the place for me is the Australian Bush." Watson's diagnosis of himself indicates that he needs medical attention. Two months in a hospital might make him a man. The same time spent in jail won't.

Shock on Shock.

When Mrs. Foster, a broken-hearted mother, looked into the coffin brought to her home from the Middlesbrough mortuary, it was to see the face of her dear dead baby boy for the last time. What she saw was the baby girl of Mrs. Dalton, in whose stead her child had been buried. Official blundering which causes bereaved mothers distracted grief must be explained—and avoided.

Working Dancers.

Southwark is far from Arcadia, but the workers who live there and attend the Morley College for working men and women have lifted a silver cup for country dancing, at a festival at Hampstead. Hemmed in as they are by bricks and mortar, the spirit that made old England Merrie is in them. They take short steps to making themselves happy.

Honesty Rewarded.

Mr. Barrett, an employee of the Windlesham, Surrey, Urban District Council, lost nothing by returning a wallet he found containing £50 to its owner. But the owner in giving him 2d. lost his sense of proportion. He should not have insulted a man who, no doubt, was prepared to stand by the saying, "Virtue is its own reward," by offering him an errand boy's tip.

Callous and Risky.

A father is not worthy of the name who can turn his daughter into the street because she came home late, and refuses even to let her have her clothes unless she pays him 15s. Incredible as it may seem, this thing actually happened at Willesden. The girl, who is only twenty, has been referred to the woman missionary, but the kindness of strangers can never take the place of a father's love which should have been her right.

Once Too Often.

In breaking his promise to his mother never to steal rides on the backs of vehicles, Cecil Rush, of Whetstone, has lost his life from falling off the connecting-rod of a lorry, and being run over by the trailer. It is too late for this boy, whose headmaster predicted for him a brilliant future, to profit, as others may do, from the fact that the maxim "Just for once" often proves fatal.

A Useful Kick.

James Flynn, a Blackpool clerk, who was shot through the head in France in 1915, and became deaf and dumb, has recovered his speech. While playing a game of Rugby, he received a kick in the throat and suddenly found he could talk. Flynn has a good war record, and it is splendid to know that his determination not to let his injury affect his playing of games was the very means of his remarkable recovery.

A Slow-motion Council.

At Pateley Bridge two families, consisting of four adults and five children, occupy two small bedrooms and a living-room. Last year the rural council spent £800 on architects' fees and abandoned its proposed housing scheme owing to the cost of erection. Meanwhile, folk are herded together in insanitary conditions. Let the council propose a moderate scheme if it likes, but for pity's sake let it get on with it.

Cheating Death.

The appalling R.A.F. death-roll would be even worse than it is but for frequent miraculous escapes. Sailing comfortably over the Bristol Channel in a fighting plane, Flying Officer Townsend, of Westcliff, found himself next minute under the water, head downwards, and held fast by his belt. Without knowing how he did it, he managed to get free and swim ashore. One brave man less sacrificed to the mad demon of war.

The Human Machine**Secrets of Power**

by E. R. THOMPSON, M.A.

IT isn't what a man knows that matters. A man may have a whole encyclopædia of facts stowed away in his head and yet be of less account in the world than a mischievous schoolboy.

A man's value in the world depends on his ability to make use of what he knows. The man with the smallest range of facts rightly applied may change history.

The man who uses one single fact aright may alter the face of a century.

The man who knows everything, but makes no use of what he knows, may drift aimlessly through life achieving nothing at all.

"Knowledge is power" is another of those half-truths that are apt to mislead.

Knowledge is not necessarily power, although it is always the foundation of power, the indispensable forerunner of power.

The knowledge of how to make use of knowledge is power. The ability to make facts work is power.

A PIECE of knowledge unapplied may be interesting to its possessor. It is of no use to the world until something is done with it.

Back of the application of knowledge to life, behind the utilisation of facts for some practical purpose, lies the necessity for solid efficient thought.

Most people will go to any amount of trouble to avoid the pain of thinking. Are you one of that sort?

Look around the attics of your mind and see whether what you think is mental lumber is really a valuable property—if only you could make an effort to use it!

True "Guardians."

We commend the action of the Southwark guardians in declining to sanction the emigration of poor law orphans and waifs to the Dominions. The Board feels that it has a responsibility towards these hapless mites which cannot be discharged if they are sent beyond the range of effective supervision. In short, the Southwark guardians are living up to their official name.

We Do Improve.

In the death of Mr. A. Walsgrove, at Coventry, another link with the past is broken. He witnessed the last public execution there, in front of the old jail, the murderer being Mary Ball, who gave her husband arsenic in his food. That was only on August 9, 1849, which shows the distance humanity has travelled since then. The journey must lead us further to the abolition of the hangman's rope altogether.

A Sad Fall.

It is a painful climax to twenty years' service on main-line trains for a guard to plead guilty to theft. William Bateman, who, since the early part of last year, has stolen articles from goods packages and passenger luggage, is also a special constable and a borough councillor. Can nothing be done, after he has served the six months' hard labour to which he has been committed, to help him on an upward instead of a downward path?

Brave Little Kiddie!

What a wonderful little girl is the seven-year-old daughter of Ernest Howes, a blind basket-maker of Walton Street, Oxford. When her mother, nursing the baby before the fire, collapsed, and fell with her face in the glowing embers, the little girl pulled her mother clear before summoning help. Both mother and baby undoubtedly owe their lives to this promptitude. There are the makings of a very fine woman in that seven-year-old child.

Cruel Robbery.

In these days of high-priced coal, it is criminal to sell it underweight. Herbert Harrison, of Coedpoeth, evidently thought he could get away with it by stocking his lorry with fifteen bags, each of which was supposed to contain 1 cwt., all being deficient and one bag as much as 10 lb. short. The Mayor of Wrexham, however, thought otherwise, and inflicted a fine of three guineas, which we can only hope is more than Harrison ever thought to make by his dishonesty.

Helping Others.

Sale, Cheshire, can boast of at least one citizen who might stand as a pattern to parents throughout the land. He is the father of nine children, four of whom were educated at Springfield Senior School, and so satisfied was he with their progress that he has presented the school with a £32 gramophone and £100. "As my children received a free education for which I am now able to pay, I am anxious to help other youngsters," he says. A fine example of public-spirited gratitude.

Half a Lifetime.

Once more we protest against the stupid and wasteful prison system of this country, which is a crying disgrace to civilisation. That a sensible nation cannot find a better way to deal with such men as Charles Knowles, seventy-six, who has already been sentenced to terms of imprisonment totalling over thirty-two years, than to send him back to jail is an open confession of callous incompetence. We can only conclude that politicians with hearts lack brains, and that those who have brains haven't hearts.

A Despicable Father.

George Dodd lay in bed instead of working to support his four children and two stepdaughters. The house was almost devoid of furniture, the children were left in a filthy condition, and no milk was provided for them. To crown all, this incredible parent turned the two step-daughters into the street. Mercifully, the state of things was discovered by an N.S.P.C.C. officer, and Dodd has been sentenced to twelve months' hard labour. Pity it is that his punishment cannot remedy the wrong done to the little ones.

Youth's Betrayal.

In a statement of such revolting nature that it could not be read in court, John Watson, a thirty-four-year-old teacher, confessed to offences against young boys attending Moseley Road School, Fallowfield, and ended by begging the prayers and sympathy, rather than the "revilings," of the offended parents. Evidently the man is of dreadfully perverted mentality. The nine months he is to undergo in the second division will, as a cure, be worse than useless. What he needs is a doctor.

Tragedy Follows Jubilation.

The father of Francis O'Neill, aged two, and Michael O'Neill, four, had been out of work for a year. One day he returned home with light heart from a Liverpool employment exchange—he had secured employment at last. Now the kiddies should have a real good time. Alas, he was met with the news that his house in Standish Street had been burned out, and that both the children were dead! Poor little mites—unhappy father—heartbroken mother! Such tragedy is almost too poignant for contemplation.

A True Friend.

Described as "one of those derelicts thrown upon the sea of life," Joseph Cooper, aged nineteen, was charged at Blackpool with snatching an attaché-case from a man on the promenade. Cooper was born in a caravan, and tramped all his life. Now he is to have a chance, for the police will hand him over to a man who will take him, clothe and feed him, find him work with wages and pocket-money, and practically adopt him. That is real charity, and Cooper must play the man and reward his benefactor with honest trying.

Costly Stubbornness.

We regret the stubbornness of the Railway and Canal Commission in refusing to erect an overhead ropeway for conveying coal from the Tilmanstone (Kent) pithead to Dover. Nine hundred men employed at this colliery have thereby lost their jobs. The company will not pay them less wages, and cannot carry on unless the 4s. 9d. per ton for transport that can be saved by the use of the ropeway can be ensured. Employers who know how to treat their men decently should be given every chance to make good.

Siller his God.

William Fox Tibbitts, of Sheffield, is dead. He wished to amass money, and he did it. He held controlling interests in many big industries, had endless house property, and thousands of pounds worth of shares stood to his name. But he lived in a mean street, wore frayed clothes, and died at eighty-five, leaving no other record than that money was his god. Described as Sheffield's richest man, we deem him the poorest. Many a labourer with his children around him holds the secret of life that Tibbitts missed.

The Biter Bitten.

Nan Quinn, of Erris, is a lass who doesn't believe everything until she has tested it. When rounding up her fowls on a lonely road, the sheeted ghost that had been terrorising the women appeared perched on a ruin. Nan threw a stone at it, there was a squeal of pain, and the local joker who had been playing the trick had to be rescued from the cistern into which he had toppled backward. But he was minus two teeth, which will serve him as a reminder that trying to terrorise women and children is less of a joke than a crime.

Minehead Pricks a Bubble.

Wonderful inventive powers were shown by Joan Scott, who, running around in expensive cars, giving dinners to orphans and ordering flowers for churches, was known to Worthing as a fairy godmother. But Joan never paid for the dinners or the cars or flowers, being, in reality, a discharged convict. Minehead discovered the fact in the theft of a £30 diamond ring and other jewels, and Joan goes back to jail for another six months' hard. The same inventiveness put to legitimate uses might have brought the girl to solid eminence.

Safer at Home.

An attractive offer in wireless sets has recently been advertised in newspapers of good standing by the Mondiale-Radio Company, of 24, Rue de Flandre, Paris. One of our readers, who forwarded them £3 14s. for a four-valve set three months ago, and has not yet obtained satisfaction, has asked us to enquire into the bona-fides of the firm. We have done so, and have no hesitation in advising others who may be tempted not to go to Paris for wireless, but "to buy British goods."

Flint—and Tender Hearts.

The circulars of Mr. B. S. Rosen, the New Bond Street moneylender, have a flavour all their own. His latest is a masterpiece of phraseology. Where could a man in financial difficulties turn for help? "Not to his bank manager," we read; "that much was certain, for bank managers have hearts of flint when you have no security to offer." Money-lenders, on the other hand, are oozing with generosity and self-sacrifice at every pore. We can't for the life of us see how they make ends meet!

Bloomer Makes One.

A common penalty for having won a prize in a newspaper competition is to be importuned by unknown strangers who have obtained one's address from the published list of winners. The wife of a successful Lancashire competitor has received an unusual request from a Miss E. Bloomer, of Victoria Chambers, Paignton, that she should send on the address of some Lancashire lassies who want to become cook-generals or housemaids. We cannot commend Miss Bloomer's method of solving the servant problem.

A Bookmaking Gamble.

Numerous offers of partnerships in bookmaking businesses are being made at the moment. They should be treated with extreme caution. At the end of last year a school teacher of Louth was induced to invest £100 with J. Armstrong, of St. Margaret's Avenue, W., and to resign his position in order to assist in the business. His money vanished in a very short space of time, and he was left without either work or capital. Sound bookmaking firms are not notorious for their anxiety to share the profits with small investors.

Tin—and Brass Tacks.

Investors who wish a real thrill in speculation can have it with the African and Orient Tin Selection Trust, Ltd., of Old Jewry Chambers, London, E.C., which is out to "acquire direct from source promising tin properties in Nigeria and Malay, and subsequently float subsidiary companies." To possible investors it states that "It is seldom members of the general public have the opportunity of participating in a parent company." True, for ample capital is usually available from those with expert knowledge, if the prospects are sound. Why not try the City first?

"Tragic Bigamy Story."

The novelist, Mr. W. G. Fitzgerald ("Ignatius Phayre"), author of "America's Day" and other literary works, founder of the "Wide World Magazine," etc., has complained to us that an article entitled "A Tragic Bigamy Story," setting out certain facts relating to quite another "W. G. Fitzgerald" and published in our issue of October 16, 1926, has been thought to refer to him. We desire to state in the clearest possible manner that the article in question in no way refers to Mr. W. G. Fitzgerald, the author of "America's Day," etc., and, whilst regretting any annoyance which he may have suffered through the coincidence of names, we further desire to add that in our view no reasonable person could have supposed that any of the statements in the article did refer to this well-known man of letters.

**"JOHN BULL" PAYS
£ 250
Insurance Benefit this Week**
See page 2.

Problems of Life

What an Autocrat Loses

by the Rev. R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.

VISCOUNT CASTLEROSSE says that as late as 1922, when Mr. Lloyd George was the British Prime Minister and the central figure on the world's stage, an unknown newspaper reporter tried to interview him at Cannes, on behalf of an Italian publication.



Viscount Castlerosse

The name of that reporter was Benito Mussolini. He is now dictator of Italy, and one of the biggest personal forces in international affairs.

What a dramatic change of fortune!

When I was in Italy recently I was told how Mussolini's sudden rise to power

came about. I cannot vouch for its truth, but I think there must be some foundation for it.

A number of Italy's leading men, alarmed by the prevailing tendencies of the post-war period, met to consider whether anything could be done to save the country from utter ruin.

THINGS were rapidly going from bad to worse. Public order had ceased to be; murder and spoliation were of daily occurrence; the forms of law were no longer observed, and terrorism had rendered a free democratic vote an impossibility. "There is one hope," they said. "The great name of Garibaldi the Liberator is still revered in the land he freed from oppression."

So they called the sons of Garibaldi into consultation and invited them to place themselves at the head of a new national movement.

"We cannot," was the reply. "We are not as our father. But we know the man who can do the work, a man gifted with immense energy and powers of leadership. Send for him."

Within twenty-four hours Mussolini and his castor-oil bottle were hard at work, and the Italy of to-day is the result.

I neither commend nor denounce his methods. They would not do in England, but we have to remember that what they replaced was worse.

Said a distinguished Italian gentleman to me: "It is quite likely that he will be assassinated sooner or later, but if he dies a poor man the grandest monument that Italy can erect will not be splendid enough to express her gratitude to him."

Perhaps; and perhaps not. The public memory is short.

THE lesson of this man's life so far appears to me to be that to rule one's fellows is not a thing to be desired.

It is the ruler, not the ruled, that is most to be compassionate.

Mussolini may be doing well for his country or he may be doing ill, but the most wretched toiler in the whole of Italy is less of a drudge than he.

He is nothing but a slave. He has no time to enjoy life or capacity for breathing its serener air.

Envy no man such prominence. It is a dreadful fate

ROGERS THE DODGER

A VERY NOVEL SWINDLE

Getting Shakespeare's Goat!

MANY months ago we investigated the falsity of one of a remarkable series of claims to have discovered relics of great historical value made by Hunter Charles Rogers.

As at that particular period this man was faced with an action for damages arising out of one of those claims, we were for the time unable to expose the hollowness of his pretensions.

Hunter Charles Rogers, a few years ago, eked out a precarious living as a gardener.

Notwithstanding his humble origin and surroundings, he suddenly achieved fame by claiming to have made stupendous discoveries of relics of fabulous literary and artistic value.

World real treasures

The world-shaking nature of these discoveries may be imagined from the fact that they included manuscripts and relics of such literary giants as Shakespeare, Milton, Dr. Johnson, Bacon and Pope, the existence of which had hitherto been unsuspected by the most learned students of the works of those great men.

Truly here was an epoch-making event to set the literary and artistic world on fire.

Rogers, following a mysterious discovery of some old pictures while at Cobham, and which he had been able to invest with a value which considerably added to his financial stability, made a dramatic appearance some four years ago at the seaside town of Whitstable, literally bursting with treasures which by some turn of Fortune's wheel had come into the possession of this lowly tiller of the soil.

Such an astounding story, of course, would not permit of Rogers hiding his light under a bushel, and the fame of his great discoveries was blazoned far and wide, which aided Rogers to some highly profitable transactions in the disposal of his treasures.

No mercenary motives

Mercenary considerations, of course, were below the thought of such a discoverer, and although, as we say, he made quite a good thing out of disposing of various things at Whitstable, he did not press for the huge payments for his relics which their high intrinsic value would have made possible.

No! This erstwhile gardener had a soul above mere unworthy considerations of pounds, shillings and pence.

He was a lover of the great masters and found his highest earthly joy in the contemplation of their works. Therefore he met possible clients on the common ground of veneration for the great masterpieces.

Naturally those interested were delighted to carry out their transactions on the high plane of art rather than the sordid one of commerce.

One visitor was transported at the opportunity of securing rare—very rare—treasures, including one bearing Shakespeare's autograph.

Although Rogers placed a modest value on these, the purchase could



Hunter Charles Rogers

not, of course, be accomplished without making a big hole in a quite respectable banking account.

This caused some amount of perturbation to the buyer later when he discovered that the signature was certainly not that of Shakespeare.

Tragedy or comedy?

In the meantime, Mr. Hunter Charles Rogers had come to the conclusion that a gardener's cottage was not by any means a residence in keeping with the dignity of such a benefactor to mankind and had removed to a much more pretentious house at Langley, Bucks.

Some months ago we received from a Manchester reader details of correspondence he had had with Rogers in regard to the sale of some of his treasures.

Rogers explained graphically how he had become possessed of some of his Shakespearean relics under highly dramatic circumstances.

Under cover of the darkness of the night, declared Rogers, he had made a secret visit of exploration to the Marquis of Northampton's estate at Compton, Warwickshire.

There, with the aid of a lantern, he carried out excavation work and unearthed a treasure chest which had lain buried he knew not how long.

This theatrical story failed to convince the hard-headed man from Manchester, but Mr. W. Jaggard, a bookseller of Stratford-on-Avon, was more credulous.

Mr. Jaggard has a great sentimental interest in all Shakespearean matters, as his ancestors were the printers of the first editions of the works of the Immortal Bard.

Mr. Jaggard was intensely interested when Rogers called upon him with the object of disposing of two collections of Shakespearean relics.

These relics, he explained, were derived partly from a legacy from an aunt and partly from his nocturnal adventure at Compton.

Rogers declared emphatically that the signatures of Shakespeare were authentic and genuine, and, on these representations, Mr. Jaggard was unfortunately induced to part with several hundreds of pounds.

As in the former case, disillusionment quickly followed, for expert examination revealed the signatures to be forgeries.

Absence preferred

Mr. Jaggard properly commenced an action for damages against Rogers for fraudulent misrepresentation and it was this fact which prevented us dealing with the matter at that time.

As that case has now been disposed of by Mr. Justice Rigby at Birmingham Assizes, we are at liberty to speak plainly in regard to Rogers.

A significant feature of the Birmingham proceedings was that Rogers, who was, of course, likely to be asked some exceedingly awkward questions, did not think it worth his while to appear in court to answer the allegations against his honour!

Mr. F. C. Wellstood, an expert on all Shakespearean matters was there, however, to give evidence in connection with the stuff sold by Rogers. He not only declared that signatures Rogers had shown him were not genuine, but averred that he had told Rogers so.

Mr. Wellstood also stated that on one occasion Rogers tried to induce him to buy some window-panes supposed to have Shakespearean signatures upon them, and afterwards admitted that they were his own handiwork.

At the conclusion of the trial Mr. Justice Rigby Swift gave judgment for Mr. Jaggard, saying that he was quite satisfied that Rogers knew perfectly well that the signatures were not Shakespeare's at all.

What has Rogers, who did not go into court to defend himself, to reply to this, and what have the other clients who have not invoked the aid of the law to say?

Two jobs in one

In addition to his dupes in this country, Rogers has got people in America interested, and columns in the Press there have been devoted to his amazing discoveries.

The verdict at Birmingham stamps him as an impostor, and how presumably intelligent people came to swallow his tall yarns we fail to realise.

Rogers has lately called in the services of Scotland Yard to investigate the alleged theft of some of his art treasures, which he says were stolen from him by two strange men in London.

We would suggest that the officers should investigate some of the activities of Rogers at the same time.

A Pitiable Proposition

Mr. Bentley's Ignorance

IT is distressing to think one has missed a chance of making 100 per cent. on one's money. But that is what it would appear one of our readers has just done.

Not so long ago he saw an advertisement in a London newspaper which gaily ran:

A Gold Mine Investment. 100 p.a. return. Opportunity occurs to acquire shares in lots of a few hundred pounds and upwards in company owning valuable gold mines and obtaining ores of precious metals. Write for particulars, Morgans, 15, King Street, S.W.1.

He wrote. He is partial to gold mines giving 100 per cent. returns, but he is no more partial than Messrs. Joseph Morgan and Co., Ltd., of King Street, St. James's, London, who it transpires, inserted the advertisement for a client, Mr. John E. Bentley of Blackpool.

A boastful reply

Messrs. Morgans forwarded certain literature on the proposed flotation, which concerns Mexican El Ures Mines, Ltd. Our reader was asked to write to Mr. John E. Bentley, of Blackpool, for any further information.

Our reader thought Mr. Bentley might tell him something about himself and his mine, and so he wrote to him.

In due course he received this optimistic reply: "I am the owner and have had twenty years' practical experience with some of the best mining companies in Mexico."

Come, come, Mr. Bentley, are you really the owner of some of the best mining companies in Mexico—or is it just a matter of punctuation?

The letter goes on: "It is known as the Mexican El Ures Mines and I am just going to form the above into a private limited company. The first directors will be myself, Mr. Stopford, F.C.A., F.I.S.A., and Mr. Joseph Morgan."

Then, this from the pen of the owner of some of the best mining companies in Mexico: "I have not had a balance-sheet as all the money I could find has been spent in development."

Unfortunate omissions

In presenting "a very brief statement" on the El Ures Mines, Mr. Bentley unfortunately omits to elucidate several points which, in our humble way, we consider rather important to the investor.

In a "brief" if undated report on the El Ures Mines "John E. Bentley, proprietor," dilates on his 100 per cent. scheme.

Now, what about a recent Mexican law which forbids any foreign company to own a mine in that country? And again he tells us that "we have filed on several properties . . . which is equally impossible for an English company."

Mexican law to Mr. Bentley is apparently a closed book, and our reader has decided that he will not run in the race for Mexican gold. In fact, we think there should be very few starters.

THE FIFTY TITLES HOAX

A HEALTH LEAGUE MYSTERY

Seventeen Duchesses for a Bait!

A GENTLEMAN named Charles Ware, who operates from offices in New Oxford Street, London, W.C., is appealing for funds for an object calculated to be warmly supported by those interested in the welfare of the young.

Mr. Ware describes himself as the secretary of a concern with the impressive title of the National Hygienic League, which at first glance appears to be an influential organisation numbering among its supporters and patrons a host of eminent and titled people.

According to its literature, the League exists "for the suppression of juvenile smoking, drinking, gambling, demoralising literature," and "for the national physical training of the young of both sexes, and the suppression of objectionable cinema films."

No one could carry out such an inspiring programme without funds, and Mr. Charles Ware is naturally engaged on an extensive campaign for raising money.

We hope that he will not be successful.

Mysterious and shady

On looking into the real status of the National Hygienic League, we find that it is a mysterious and shady concern, and that most of the lofty claims put forward by its secretary, Mr. Ware, will not bear investigation.

On its notepaper the league is described as both "non-political" and "non-sectarian." It would have been fitting to add that, apart from Mr. Ware himself, it is practically "non-existent!"

Who are the people who, according to its literature, act as the league's vice-presidents, patrons and patronesses?

There are over fifty of them, set out in great style, which number includes eight honourable lords, six earls, three marquesses, eight baronets, three bishops, seventeen duchesses (including one dowager) and no fewer than sixteen Privy Councillors!

An abused name

A truly magnificent array, and one which should guarantee the integrity of the league up to the hilt. We do not name them, however, and they are not likely to resent the omission.

Most of them, in fact, are already angry, for their names have been used without permission.

The solicitors to the National Hygienic League are given as a firm of international repute, which occupies offices in Queen Victoria Street, E.C., and whose name upon the literature of the league is in itself enough to imply that everything is straightforward and aboveboard.

The name ought not to be there. It is also being misused by Mr. Ware in the appeals of his smoking-suppressing, drink-denouncing institution.

Before us is a document, signed by the solicitors in question, which shows that not for months, but for years, Mr. Ware has been appealing for money by these very questionable methods.

"We find that we have twice before written to Mr. Ware on the subject of his representing that our firm were the solicitors for his league," the document runs. "We are writing again, protesting strongly at the continued misrepresentation."

Strong condemnation this, and enough to put Mr. Ware out of court straight away. But, apart from peers and peeresses, bishops and Privy Councillors, duchesses and dowagers,

there are still others who are being victimised in similar fashion.

The auditors to the league, for instance, are shown as a City firm of accountants.

On being interviewed on this matter, they repudiated all knowledge of the league, and, like the solicitors, are now taking steps to prevent Mr. Ware from further misusing their name.

After the publication of these facts, we imagine that few people are likely to send money to the National Hygienic League, despite its alleged objects of putting down demoralising literature, suppressing objectionable cinematograph pictures, and training the "young of both sexes." That is by no means the end of the story.

A cheque mystery

People who are appealed to by Mr. Ware for funds are asked to make their cheques out, not to the league direct, but to its secretary. On every appeal, in fact, appear the words, "Kindly make cheques payable to Mr. Charles Ware."

Why should subscribers do this? Why does Mr. Ware insist upon such a formality? Has the league no banking account of its own? Or is it because the league is Mr. Ware?

We have gone very carefully into the affairs of this extraordinary organisation, and we have no hesitation in saying that the league has no effective existence except as a channel for monetary contributions, and as a means of providing Mr. Charles Ware with subsistence.

It never publishes proper balance-sheets, and is known to the police and to the Charity Organisation Society



Mrs. Hilton Philpott, M.P., who is supporting a Bill concerning dubious charities

as a concern quite unworthy of support.

On one occasion the Charity Organisation Society demanded a balance-sheet and, after extreme difficulty, managed to obtain one of a sort. This priceless document, which was compiled in a very unsatisfactory manner, was prepared by a gentleman who gave an address in Fetter Lane, E.C.

Upon enquiry it was discovered that this "auditor" was an occasional employé of Mr. Ware, and, apart from periodically playing the piano at cheap dances, had a very difficult task to make ends meet.

His abode at Fetter Lane consisted of a poorly furnished bedroom over a newsagent's shop! The value of this "balance-sheet" can thus be imagined.

In face of these facts, the whole of the circumstances in which Mr. Ware is appealing for money should surely be investigated by the police.

That his activities ought to be immediately curtailed we have no doubt, and we now look to the authorities to find some way to prevent him from further draining the pockets of the charitable public.

A MYSTERIOUS OFFER

TALL TALK FOR "CONVERSATIONALISTS"

AN announcement has recently appeared in a Liverpool newspaper to the effect that two young ladies or gentlemen are required to sail for New Zealand in March.

Fluent conversationalists, with a slight knowledge of clerical work, are required, and initial application has to be made to a box number.

Those who have answered this call have been favoured with a circular letter from H. Edwards, importer and exporter, who boasts an office in Shaftesbury Avenue, London.

They are requested to complete a form, set out in the body of the letter, giving particulars of age, birth-place, religion and last situation.

Tempting ambition

They are also asked whether they are married or single, whether they would be prepared to sail within one week's notice and whether they will pay £3 towards their passage.

The exact nature of the posts offered is not disclosed, but the wages offered are £24 per month rising to £50, according to progress.

All this may sound very promising to an ambitious youth or maiden seeking employment overseas, but the final paragraph puts a different complexion on the matter.

A roundabout method

"No application," we read, "will be considered unless accompanied with £2 as a guarantee of a genuine application. This £2 will be returned if your application is not considered."

Now this is preposterous! Although the advertisement only offers two vacancies, there is no doubt that it must have caught the eye of several hundreds of people.

There are clear indications that the circulars requesting a deposit of £2 are being sent out to all applicants, and it seems absurd to collect

this money from countless applicants when, if the terms are to be carried out to the letter, it must be returned to all except two.

A caller at the London office was informed that the positions in question were with a New Zealand firm, which required two salesmen to sell bonds in connection with land reclamation in New Zealand.

Why, one may well ask, should a New Zealand firm seek its employees in this roundabout way?

An easier way

With an agent on the spot in Liverpool, all the business of circular letters and £2 deposits could have been dispensed with.

Applicants could have been interviewed in person, and it would have been infinitely more satisfactory.

Unemployment is fairly acute in New Zealand at the present moment, and we have no doubt that the com-

pany could have found two, or even a thousand and two, "fluent conversationalists" on the spot had it so desired.

Not good enough

As we have hinted, applicants are asked whether they would advance £3 towards the passage-money. Why £3?

The cheapest single fare to that far-off land is £37, and if the mystery company can afford to squander its money on circularising numerous applicants in order to fill two vacancies, one would have thought that it might have been able to manage the extra £3 on two tickets without straining its resources.

Enquiries at the High Commissioners of New Zealand Office throw no light upon this matter, but the official view is that the offer should be left severely alone. Few people will quarrel with that advice.

THE COLONEL CROOK

SMOKE-SCREEN TACTICS

An Electric Shark

DESPITE repeated failures, financial promoters display extraordinary tenacity. Unfortunately, their failures are not confined to their own pockets. Those who trust them are too often the sufferers

ARISING out of an official investigation which has at last been held into the tangled affairs of a notorious financier named Eaton, some of whose exploits have already been dealt with in these columns, are several new matters to which publicity should be directed.

Colonel Edmund Octavius Eaton may easily claim to fill the role of the company-mongering king. He has been behind scores of dubious companies, through the medium of which he has preyed upon unsuspecting investors.

Eaton has mostly dabbled in companies concerned with gas or electricity, and information about his activities has always been difficult to obtain, owing to the fact that he has rarely operated in his own name.

The colonel and his staff

Around him the colonel has maintained a general staff of lieutenants. Acting as his nominees, they have "worked" the various concerns while Eaton has directed his offensives from general headquarters behind the line.

Time after time we have asked the Board of Trade to investigate the impudent operations of this super-financier. But even the investigation which has at last been held has only been brought about by the merest chance.

One of the many names under which Eaton has traded is the Fair-service Circular and Prospectus Issuing Company, Limited.

This concern was employed to introduce clients to various other Eaton schemes, and, as the name implies, it did so by circularising investors through the post.

One of the Eaton companies boomed by the Fair-service Circular and Prospectus Issuing Company, Limited (which was also Eaton), was called the Bridge Paper Mills, Limited.

After receiving thousands of pounds from the public, the latter concern went into liquidation, and much of the money it had obtained went, in one way or another, into Eaton's company net.

How enquiry started

The Inland Revenue discovered that the Fair-service Circular and Prospectus Issuing Company, Limited, owed a considerable sum for unpaid taxes, and demanded the money. It was not forthcoming, whereupon Sir Douglas Hogg, K.C., the Attorney-General, looked into the matter and applied for a compulsory winding-up order against the delinquent company.

It was, therefore, the outcome of this action that the chance enquiry was instituted.

What happened? "Cash at bankers," at the date the Fair-service Company went into liquidation, amounted to the noble sum of exactly 7s. 9d.

"Stock in trade," which cost £6,620, was estimated to produce £50, while four book debts amounting to £1,364 were estimated to produce nothing!

And the total deficiency of the company—whose assets are therefore £50 7s. 9d.—amounts to £10,963 17s. 4d.!

The statement of affairs of this magnificent venture was filed by a gentleman named R. G. Harley, who, with another person named Warden, were the only directors of the concern, while Eaton, as we say, was always "behind the scenes."



Sir Douglas Hogg, K.C.

But—listen to some of the things the Official Receiver says in his report:

"Both Harley and Warden were nominees of Eaton. . . . Harley states that he received £3 a week as general manager (for Eaton). . . . The Fair-service Company assisted in the formation of a number of companies promoted by Eaton, all of which are either in liquidation or dissolved."

Still at it!

The Official Receiver asked Harley to produce the books of the company. Harley could not do so, his explanation being that "they were either destroyed or lost."

But even despite the absence of these essential books, which greatly hampered the Official Receiver in his investigation, the meagre information available showed that other Eaton companies, by the wizardry he exercised "behind the scenes," benefited to the extent of thousands of pounds!

This is only one company fiasco of many. Before us we have a list of Eaton's wretched concerns, all of which have been run in much the same sort of way.

That Eaton is quite unmoved is shown by the fact that yet another company is now being mooted for the purpose of taking over control of certain named undertakings!

Mr. R. G. Harley is again the gentleman on the surface, and is circularising people to support the project from an office in Cheapside, E.C.

All the undertakings to be "controlled by the new company" are, however, old ramps of the Eaton group, and should be left alone.

It is clear from this story that the colossal impudence of Colonel Eaton will never be curbed until an investigation of his long career has been effectively carried out.

MEET DR. DO-YOU!

A SPECIALIST IN SOFT HEARTS

Yarns from Erin

NO one is more trusted than a doctor. When, therefore, one falsely posing as such comes with a plausible tale, he easily obtains confidence. Only the very meanest would stoop to do it

IF a pleasing young fellow with an Irish brogue, an obviously expensive taste in dress and claiming the title of doctor—Dr. Cormack is one of his pseudonyms—should pour into any of our readers' ears a story of a sick sister-in-law or mother in Ireland, and at the same time bemoan his inability to raise the wherewithal to visit them, we advise them to have a sudden attack of stone deafness.

Handsome and well-spoken, his greatest assets are his good looks and a pair of on-coming blue eyes which one of his victims describes as "really wonderful."

He stands about 6 ft. high, and has a really wonderful way in winning the sympathy of the fair sex.

Some real blarney

Recently he called upon a wealthy lady who is well known among the medical fraternity of Bristol.

Introducing himself as Dr. Cormack of the Curragh, he at once established friendly relations with his intended victim by professing to know a number of her Irish friends, and mentioned several of them by name.

The "doctor" went on to explain that he was the medical officer for County Kerry and was only passing through Bristol.

It was at the express desire of some of her Curragh friends who had not heard from her recently that he had looked her up.

Charmed at this act of consideration, the lady pressed her visitor to stay for lunch.

But "Dr. Cormack" was after a bigger prize than a free lunch. With the greatest possible regret he had to decline the honour, and with a grief-stricken mien explained that he was on an urgent mission.

Having conveyed the messages of greeting entrusted to him, he must at once fly from Bristol and hurry on his journey.

Noticing his air of deep sorrow, his hostess sympathetically enquired if he was worried about something.

Lending a dramatic touch to his story by glancing at his watch and declaring he had still a few minutes to catch his train, he unfolded a tale of sorrow calculated to appeal to the feminine heart.

Telling the tale

He had a sister-in-law who was a nurse in a nearby town. She had been a martyr to duty, and he had been hurriedly summoned to her bedside from Ireland.

His sister-in-law had contracted blood-poisoning while assisting at an operation which saved a woman's life and was now herself in the danger zone.

He was not at all satisfied with the way she had been looked after and had had her removed to a private

nursing-home, where he was going to see her.

Having herself been a nurse, his hearer was naturally much affected when the "doctor" bid her a sorrowful adieu.

A rude shock

But she had not yet seen the last of her visitor, who returned later with the bad news that his sister-in-law had been taken worse and the shock had so affected his mother who had come over with him that he must get her back to Ireland immediately.

He was greatly concerned by the fact, however, that all his available cash had gone in making the necessary arrangements for his sister-in-law, and he had vainly tried to cash a cheque on his Irish bank.

The Bristol lady offered to cash the cheque for him in order that he might get his ailing mother home and return to the duties of his practice. The return of the cheque marked "No account" was naturally a rude shock.

Further enquiries elicited the fact that not only was Dr. Cormack not the medical officer for County Kerry, but that, in fact, he was not a qualified doctor at all.

This particular lady has the dubious consolation of knowing that she is not the only victim of this or some similar story of sickness and trouble.

The operator of this fraud chooses his dupes with a high degree of accuracy, and accomplishes his purpose by playing on the noblest of human virtues—sympathy for one in dire trouble.

A mean campaign

Because of this he is an impostor of a dangerous type, whose activities should be brought to an end at the earliest possible moment. His real name is James O'Connor, and he is well known at Scotland Yard and to the police of many other parts of the kingdom.

A peculiarly mean feature of his plan of campaign is that hard-working nurses form the larger part of his victims. Many warrants have been issued for his arrest.

"Cormack" obtains names and particulars of nurses and hospital workers from works of reference and gulls them either with the same story that proved effective at Bristol or some slight variation of it.

This exploiter of female sympathy is known by many names in addition to that of Dr. Cormack. His aliases include "Dr. McCullagh," "Dr. O'Donovan," "Dr. Fitzgerald," "Dr. O'Donnell," and "Dr. Michael Morrissey."

He has already served a term of imprisonment for fraud, and it is hoped the police will soon be again on his track.

SWINDLING A CRIPPLE

THE TIN-LIZZIE TRICK

Big Motor School Fraud

THERE has recently come into existence quite a number of schools set up for the ostensible purpose of teaching some special trade or profession to enable unemployed members of the public to mend their lot.

There are some genuine schools of this description, of course, but others are nothing more nor less than fee-snatching booby-traps.

An outstanding example of the latter category is an institution giving itself the title of the Rockingham Schools of Motoring, of Rockingham Court, Borough, London, S.E.

This establishment was set up a few months ago with the alleged object of training the inexperienced in the art of motor-driving and motor mechanics, but with the real aim of extracting fees.

The little formality

Advertisements were inserted in daily newspapers, not only for men to be trained as motor drivers, but for experienced men to take charge of garages and to teach pupils.

The bait attracted a number of out-of-work men, who were asked to call at Rockingham Court, where they saw a man who called himself G. Lewis.

Lewis was immaculately attired, and was the possessor of an insinuating and plausible manner, calculated to put callers completely at their ease.

A gentleman, whose qualifications were such as to render him capable of giving first-class instruction in all appertaining to motor-cars, was one of the first clients.

Mr. Lewis, after examining his undeniable credentials, appeared delighted at the opportunity of adding

him to the staff of the "school," and declared himself willing to take him on straight away.

Lewis went on to explain that as in the course of the duties to be performed it would be necessary from time to time to handle sums received from students for tuition, there was still a little formality to be observed in the shape of a deposit of £50 as security, which would be returnable at the termination of the engagement.

A poor fleet of cars

The client, relying on the straightforward aspect Mr. Lewis imparted to the proposition, agreed to find the necessary sum. He was then accorded the honour of an introduction to the "senior partner" of Rockingham Schools of Motoring, whose name was given as Javes.

Javes signified his entire approval of Mr. Lewis' selection, and the £50 was handed over and the client presented himself for duty.

Then came a rude awakening. The fleet of cars which the employe expected to find at a school of motoring consisted of one Ford car in an advanced stage of senile decay, and which had actually cost the proprietors of the school the magnificent sum of £6.

This fact was not then known by the new man, nor was the more significant fact that his cheque for £50 had been cashed, not through the bulging banking account of the Rockingham Schools of Motoring, but by a man named Browning over the bar of a neighbouring public-house.

Another client was a poor crippled lad from Penge. Only just over 4 ft. in height and terribly deformed, this

poor lad had earned a scanty living in a factory until his health failed.

A cruel act

He then had an amount of about £100, representing his life savings. He lived on this when unable to follow his trade as a french polisher until it had been reduced to £20.

One would have thought feelings of compassion at the plight of this poor lad would have been aroused in the breast of even the least scrupulous, but all is fish that comes to the net of the Rockingham Schools of Motoring.

The poor helpless cripple's £20 went the way of the other £50, into the pockets of Mr. Lewis and his partners, who, in addition to Mr. Javes, are named Ernest Albert Pilgrim and James Browning.

Many other cases could be cited. But one day a man who had parted with money to Pilgrim called in the assistance of the police, with the result that the four partners were charged with conspiracy.

After they had been remanded, Browning approached the cripple they had so heartlessly deluded and offered to complete his training on the understanding that he withdrew the charges.

This the cripple for a time agreed to do, and was taken to a garage run by a man named Waddington, where Browning told him that he could finish his tuition on the lines suggested.

This Waddington has previously engaged our attention in regard to a garage scheme operated by him in Oakley Street, Waterloo.

Waddington did not figure as a



Sir Horace J. Wilson, K.C.B., C.B.E., Permanent Secretary to Ministry of Labour, who would be doing a public service if he looked into the gross scandal of swindling "employment" schools.

partner in the Rockingham Schools of Motoring.

He was, however, at one time associated with the man Lewis, for at the time we exposed the operations of Waddington, Lewis in the alias of Winston, was working with him at Oakley Street.

The prime mover

The day that exposure appeared, Winston, who had now become Lewis, transferred his activities to the Rockingham Schools of Motoring, Rockingham Court, as the result of the activities of which he and his colleagues recently stood in the dock at the Old Bailey and were sentenced.

Browning, however, managed to elude justice, we trust only temporarily, by the simple expedient of absconding while on bail.

James Browning must be traced and made to stand his trial as the others have done.

THE FOUR JUST MEN

MANFRED WRITES TO "JOHN BULL"!

OUR announcement last week that we were going to spare no pains to track down the extraordinary organisation known as "The Four Just Men" has been followed by swift results.

"Unashamed of their crimes, unrepentant and unabashed, they have written us a letter which is a complete justification of all we said about them.

It is signed "Manfred" and bears a London postmark. If, as this would lead us to believe, this sinister organisation is once more actually in London we can only ask what Scotland Yard has been doing to allow Manfred, Poiccart and Gonsalez to re-enter England under its very nose.

Killing not murder

"Dear Sir," writes Manfred, "We read with interest your remarks about us in JOHN BULL of last week. We do not object to them, but we prefer that they should be accurate.

"You call us 'murderers.' We are not murderers. We have killed, but we have not murdered.

"The murderer kills for revenge, to remove a rival from his path, for private gain, or from sheer panic or even stupidity.

"Where we have killed we have done so with the same cold impartiality that actuates the judge who passes sentence of death on the condemned murderer.

"We have redressed the balance of the law. We have punished those who deserved punishment, but whom the law was unable to touch.

"Call us 'executioners' if you like, but do not call us murderers. We have merely removed from time to time some unpleasant growths on our social system.

"It is sometimes necessary to perform a surgical operation before health can be restored. That, in a word, has been our function.

"Since you have announced your determination to find us we accept your challenge.

"We will do more. We will help you! You shall not work in the dark.

"Here are portraits of myself, Poiccart and Gonsalez. Let Mr. Edgar Wallace find us if he can!—Manfred."

We stand corrected. The Four Just Men are not "murderers." They are "executioners." They have not "murdered." They have only "killed"!



Manfred

Gonsalez

Poiccart

For an exercise in dialectical and legal quibbling this is no doubt a nice point. The plain man, we are afraid, will hardly appreciate it.

Meanwhile, we hope Manfred, Poiccart and Gonsalez are under no delusion. "Find us if you can!" says Manfred.

We can! And we will! We will find the Four Just Men despite their arrogant assumption that they are safely above the law.

The portrait gallery

We print the portraits they had the astonishing effrontery to send us.

If any reader of JOHN BULL recognises them and can give us any information whatever we hope he will lose no time in communicating with us.

Mr. Edgar Wallace has in his possession some very valuable clues to their whereabouts that are expected to yield results at any moment.

Watch JOHN BULL! We are hot on their trail and do not intend to be beaten.

More Film Folly

A Loft-y Claim

STRONG warnings, first by JOHN BULL and subsequently by various daily papers, have been uttered against cinema schools.

Even when the concerns are in a position to train students, they cannot possibly find them work.

What are we to make, therefore, of the following advertisement appearing in the press?

Act for the films; agreeable and interesting work; Chelsea Cinema School has the finest and most completely equipped studios in London for the training of film aspirants under actual production conditions; terms for tuition moderate; no other fees or commissions whatever; free consultation and advice.—Chelsea Cinema School, 46, Church Street, Chelsea. Those interested are urged to beware of agencies making extravagant claims which cannot be fulfilled.

Were the Chelsea Cinema School all that it claimed to be, we should warn our readers against parting with fees for such slender hopes.

But what are the facts? An applicant found that the school is in a loft, to which entrance is gained through a garage.

The principals, a Mr. Powell and a Major Blundell, do not inspire confidence in their ability to train stars.

The former states that he has taken part in small parts, but the major admits his lack of expert knowledge.

The school is equipped with flood lights and a dummy projector, and Mr. Powell criticises the curious antics through which the students are put through a megaphone.

For a course of twelve so-called lessons, a fee of four guineas is charged by the Chelsea school. It is four pounds, three shillings too much!

THE FATE OF ROSE ALICE

A CALLOUS BOARD OF AUTOCRATS

Another Family Broken Up

FOR the second time this year the Board of Control is terrorising a Birmingham mother. The unfortunate woman is Mrs. Mary Smith, of 110, Gerrard Street, Lozelles, a suburb of Birmingham.

Her daughter, Rose Alice, was home on a forty-eight-hour leave from Monyhull Colony, where she had been placed under the Mental Deficiency Act.

When the time for her to return arrived, Mrs. Smith was suffering from influenza and Rose Alice suggested that if she put her on the car, she would go back herself.

Mrs. Smith states that her daughter has not been seen since.

It looks very much as though there were going to be a repetition of the painful case upon which we commented some time ago. Then, Mr. and Mrs. Albutt, of Birmingham, refused to hand over their daughter to the board, when her holidays from one of their institutions ended.

The father, in this case, suffered one month's imprisonment because he happened to love his daughter more than himself.

The broken tie

But with Rose Alice there is no father to sacrifice himself for her, no one except the frail little mother and a grandmother, whose last days are being spent in a humble little home that has lost its very meaning as such, as there is no Rose Alice.

Gladly, when Mr. Blackie, the board's officer, suggested that Rose Alice should go away for twelve

months for her health's sake did Mrs. Smith sign "some paper or other," as she describes it now, showing how much of its significance she understood.

And now Rose Alice is seventeen years of age, having spent three years at Monyhull Colony.

What was understood to be a short period of twelve months has dragged out into three years, and only the Board of Control can tell how many more it will be.

Why has Rose Alice disappeared? Probably the poor child imagined that by evading the authorities for a time they will forget her, and that she will be able once again to resume her life in the little third-floor back rooms in Gerrard Street.

A representative of JOHN BULL called there one evening recently. Mrs. Smith introduced him to a quiet old lady, the grandmother, who, he was told, looked after the house while Rose Alice's mother was out working.

The evening sun streamed through spotlessly clean curtains. The beds in the room were clothed in linen, white enough for any king. It was Rose Alice's home.

And the old lady was despondent that Rose Alice might never return

again. It was a heartrending atmosphere for any house.

Our representative chatted with the little mother who was under remand at the local police court and who feared that she might be imprisoned.

This time she must produce Rose Alice or take the consequences, she had been told. Since then she has been fined 30s. for failing to end her spell of liberty.

Damnable and cruel

Could we do anything for her, she asked? What could anyone do? The law said if she knew where her girl was she must produce her.

We cannot advise people to break the law, though that law may be the product of minds which obviously had not the liberty of the individual in view.

On the day that our representative visited this sorrowing home, Parliament was considering the amendment of the Mental Deficiency Act.

Colonel Wedgewood in his speech seemed to get to the root of this very case when he said: "To give to experts the right to break up a family and take the child away against the wishes of the parents, utterly unnecessarily, under the guise of charity and benevolence, seemed to him utterly damnable."

It is damnable. It is one of the cruellest laws of this country.

If we think that by legislation we can reduce the love of a father for his child to subjugation, there is much for our legislators to learn.



Rose Alice

WHAT PRICE GLORY?

A V.C. OF THE MINES

ONE evening about three years ago, the peace of a lonely mining camp in West Africa was rudely broken by the cry of fire.

The men who were resting after their day's toil were horrified to see the shaft of the mine vomiting forth dense clouds of black smoke.

Headless of everything but their comrades down below, two men descended into the inferno, and after superhuman efforts saved every life. Perhaps one of these gallant men is beginning to think that after all it is better to live life for oneself and, like the Levite of old, pass by on the other side of the road.

That one may be Mr. A. Osborne, of Pinhoe, near Exeter, who had to resign his job immediately after the

accident on account of his health and to-day is eking out a meagre livelihood under the local authorities.

Mr. Osborne's tale is a sad one. In May, 1921, he was employed as a gold-miner by the Abbontiakoon Mines, Limited, of St. Swithin's Lane, London, operating in West Africa.

On the evening in question, Mr. Osborne was resting, utterly weary after his gruelling spell of nine hours down below in the mine.

Appalling experiences

Suddenly the fire alarm sounded, and rushing to the pit-shaft he found it belching forth smoke like a factory chimney.

From the distracted workers at the top, he found that there were five or six men still down below.

He found another man who was willing to make the descent with him.

Everything was against them. There were no gas-masks and they were not even certain in which part of the mine the men were imprisoned.

Their experiences as they were lowered were too appalling for mere words to describe. They were beginning to feel they would be suffocated by the fumes.

Making their way along the workings they heard a faint cry of "Hello." After further scrambling to the twelfth level they came upon the men they sought more dead than alive. They were then about 1,600 ft. below the surface.

Half carrying the helpless victims, the shaft was at last reached. It was a terrible journey through smoke and fumes and tumbling over old workings. However, once arrived, there was fresh air to breathe and never had it smelt so sweet and cool.

Mr. Osborne's description of the little group waiting there for the skip to be lowered to them is tensely graphic.

A sad awakening

"Some were singing hymns, some were hysterical, when suddenly I heard a rumbling noise, as if the whole world was closing in to devour us. The safety door on the tenth level had collapsed and we were trapped."

He then goes on to tell how yet another superhuman effort had to be made, ending in a huddled mass of senseless humanity being dumped by a semi-conscious man into the skip

which had been lowered. Mr. Osborne says he remembers nothing else until he awoke in hospital. His career as a miner was ended.

The medical officer told him that if he wished to live, he must return to England and consult a lung specialist. He sailed soon after.

Heartbreaking despair

This hero confided to us: "Though my health was ruined, my profession was gone, and I was only forty-four years of age, I was and am still happy because I did my duty and saved the lives of my comrades, who returned to their wives and families little the worse for their weird experience."

But what was Mr. Osborne's reward? A sense of duty well done; a life-saving medal and a certificate on vellum, a letter of thanks from his company, a recommendation for re-employment. But not a penny to help him on his way.

It is his to be content with a ruined career, a future that sometimes brings tears of despair.

Will this be the fate we wonder of all those men who suffered in risking their lives for their comrades in the recent mining disaster in Wales?



Mr. Osborne

OUR contributor has an honoured name; he has always been on the side of humanity and justice. When he can describe the methods of industrial assurance companies in the way he has done here, readers will know what ample cause there is for it.

Rank, Barefaced Fraud

by The REV. G. A. STUDDERT-KENNEDY, M.C. ("Woodbine Willie")

I WANT to say, to start with, that there is not a word in this article of which I have not weighed the value carefully, including the title. On my honour as a minister of religion, I believe and state that the system of industrial assurance as conducted by the big industrial assurance companies is for the most part rank, barefaced robbery of the poor.

It is not proper insurance business at all; it is much more closely allied to the worst kind of hire-purchase systems which rely for their profits on the people whose payments lapse.

I am not going to bring forth detailed evidence for this statement in this article. I have been through sheets and sheets of evidence, and have taken expert advice upon it, and am convinced that fraud—continual, systematic and deliberate fraud—is being committed every day by methods sometimes just within, and sometimes just without, the legal border line, and that large, utterly immoral profits are being made out of this fraud.

A disreputable business

Whether the fraud be just legal or just illegal makes not a whit of difference; in either case it means that industrial assurance, as at present conducted, is a disreputable business. That is what it is—a disreputable business. It is a carefully calculated exploitation of the ignorance and carelessness of uneducated people.

In thousands and thousands of cases, if the man or woman understood what they were signing, they would no more dream of signing the paper than they would of lighting cigarettes with Treasury notes.

My purpose in writing is purely practical. I want to give working people sound and disinterested advice. I have no axe to grind; I have no spite or malice against these companies. I have nothing to gain from saying it; I may have something to lose. It is for no other reason on God's earth except that I am certain of the truth of what I say.

My advice is this: To those who now have industrial assurance policies, Find out now what they mean. Bother your agent. Call in a friend who knows, if you don't feel up to it yourself. Ferret out a poor man's lawyer. Call on the parson, minister, anyone whose judgment you can trust. But make dead sure that you are not being had.

I have got no spite against insurance agents. They have to live, and they live on the business they get. They are the smoke screen behind which the rich companies hide. But you cannot get at the companies. You can only get at the agents—and you must get at 'em.

Have it out!

It will be the best thing for them in the end. If they are decent men they hate these frauds already, and if they are not decent men, and are out to swindle, then you must see to it that they don't swindle you.

But, decent or indecent, you must make them explain, so that you understand quite clearly what your policy means and what you will get if it lapses. If you don't you will pay £60 premiums on a £20 policy and they will offer you £10 to settle and pocket the rest.

That is what the companies do and have done again and again. Get at that agent who calls on you and have it out with him. If you have the slightest doubt about it, and you have only been paying a short time, drop it now, and put

your money in the Post Office or buy saving certificates.

If you have been paying a long time, find out what happens if you lapse, and if it is unjust get advice about it, and bother the agent, keep on bothering him. I don't trust the companies an inch and I strongly and earnestly advise you not to trust them either.

Wholesale robbery

To those who are thinking of taking out insurance policies at weekly premiums, my advice is, Don't do it. Tell the man that calls, Nothing doing. Tell him you are saving up to buy a grand piano. Tell him anything you like, but don't give him your money.

The plain fact of the matter is that as the business is conducted at present the security is not good enough. You would be much better advised to pop round to the post office and buy war saving certificates. They are absolutely safe and you won't get swindled. Whatever you put them in there you will get back plus interest.

On the other hop you may pay three times over what you insure for, and get nothing at the finish because you struck bad times.

I am not one of those who teach that all profit is robbery, but I have not the slightest hesitation in saying that the profits of the industrial assurance companies are largely the result of wholesale robbery.

That leads me to those of another class who hold shares in these companies. Some of them, I believe, are clergymen of the Church of England. I do not believe that they know what is going on. I hope they don't. But they ought to find out at once. Ignorance is not sufficient excuse.

If they know the way in which people are bamboozled, bullied and tricked, and can still go on holding and reaping profit from those shares, they may be parsons, but they are not Christians or even decent men. It would be infinitely more honest to draw out and invest in beer.

Trading on ignorance

To all friends of the poor, parsons, social workers and those who for one reason or another dodge about in Mean Street, I would say, For goodness sake, take a hand in this. If the people will let you, see their policies, and help them to stick out against fraud.

There is no doubt that there needs to be further legislation, but in the main it is not so much the law as the means of enforcing the law that are weak.

Any law on this matter will inevitably be difficult to enforce, and the first practical remedy lies with the people themselves.

The companies make millions out of the carelessness, ignorance, fear and easy-going good nature of ordinary people who cannot afford it. There are thousands of claims now legally due on which the companies are retaining money which the law would not allow them to keep if the cases were brought to trial. That is an under-statement of what I know to be the sober truth.

Again and again, when the companies are pressed they will fight until the day before the case goes into court and then pay up at the very last moment. But they know that the vast majority of their policy-holders cannot press their claims, having neither money nor means to do so. They can, therefore, do a perfectly safe and lucrative trade in lapsed policies, and they do it.



The Rev. G. A. Studdert-Kennedy, M.C.
("Woodbine Willie")

Thousands of policies lapse every working day on which people have paid premiums for years and get nothing at all.

I am purposely refraining from giving figures. JOHN BULL has published figures and facts enough already to prove the statements I have made up to the hilt, and more keep coming in day by day.

Paying for nothing

I have been through it, and I write this to the readers of JOHN BULL on my honour as a friend in the hope that they will pass the word round, and begin to apply the practical remedy that lies to their hand.

We are going to try and get fresh legislation on this business, but it will not be an easy job. The companies are politically powerful. There has been a quite recent Act which has not remedied matters. It will not be easy to get the question opened up again, but it will be done in the end.

Meanwhile the policy-holders and prospective policy-holders have the only power that can move the Colossus. Don't let them have any more of your money. Tell the missus to say, "Not to-day, thank you."

You would not play pitch and toss with a fellow that played with a two-headed penny. Heads I win and it has no tail—that is what this game works out in the end. Read the companies' balance-sheets and profits and ask yourself what service these perform for all that cash out of the pockets of the best people in England—the saving, thrifty poor.

They do nothing for you that you could not do better for yourselves if you pulled yourselves together. They live because they pay people to come to your doors and badger it out of you.

That is the most honest part of the proceeding, and perhaps the poor devil of an agent earns his pay, and saves you the trouble of slipping round the corner to the post office where you would be honestly served.

False economy

But it is not economy to pay millions a year for that. Do it yourself! It is hard on the agents and I am sorry for them. But you can't make omelettes without breaking eggs. Times are hard and you cannot afford it.

I am ashamed of myself for not discovering how things were before to-day. But I know now, and I beg you to take a tip from one who has always wished you well. Don't let them have any more of your money.



THE GREAT RUDGE BOOK OF THE ROAD TAKES THE MOTOR- CYCLING WORLD BY SURPRISE

A BOOK—like every Rudge-Four motor-cycle—worthy of the great name of Rudge-Whitworth. Here is all the intimate knowledge of road and machine, without which no motor-cyclist can experience the full joy of the open road. Read "The Rolling English Road," and then discover the little-known wayside haunts for yourself. Read the fascinating chapter on a motor-cycle caravan tour, the notes on repairs and tuning, "The Law

of the Road," and "Weather Wisdom." This great book—comprehensive and beautifully produced, with a wealth of maps and illustrations, bound like a pocket book, for carrying with you on your travels—we offer unconditionally, as a free gift to all motor-cyclists! Just collect your copy from the nearest Rudge-Whitworth dealer. But he has only a limited number in stock—so get your Book of the Road to-day!

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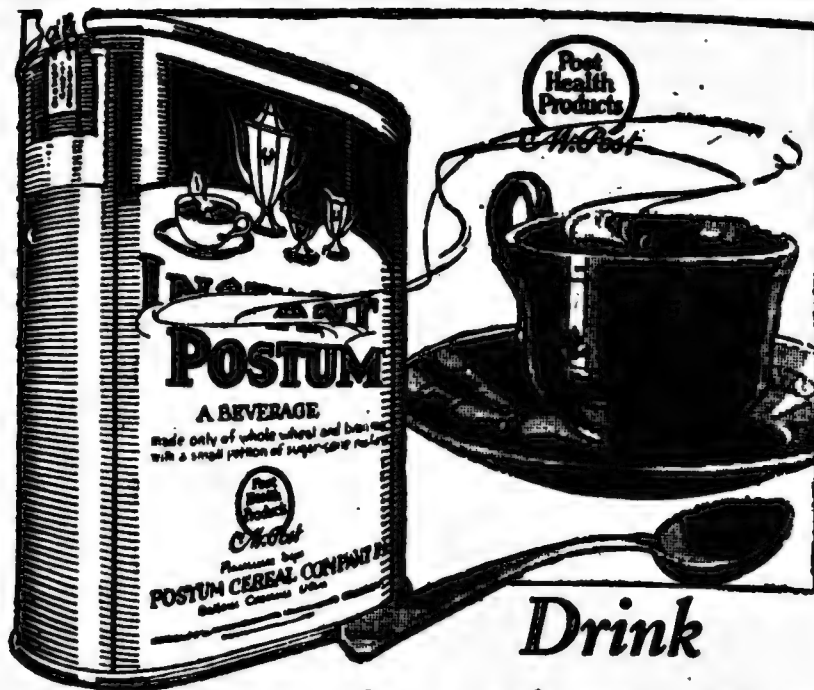
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Keep fit on
COCOA
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The food
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See the name "Cadbury" on every piece of chocolate.



Drink

the goodness of flavour
the flavour of goodness

THE goodness of flavour? That's always irresistible—and always will be. Even though you know that, on the whole, you'd be better without it. The flavour of goodness? That suggests something insipid, uninteresting. But there is one drink in which the goodness of flavour is the flavour of goodness. That drink is Postum. You'll never get tired of Postum. But you need never wonder whether you ought to. You can drink it all day and every day for the rest of your life—and be all the better for it. Postum isn't a substitute for or an imitation of any other drink. It's a delicious drink in its own right. But it is utterly innocent of drugs

or other false stimulants—with the sting of nerves, sleeplessness and digestive troubles in their tails. It is just roasted whole wheat, slightly sweetened with pure sugar-cane syrup and converted into tiny sparkling granules instantly soluble in boiling water or hot milk. That's why the goodness of its flavour is the flavour of its goodness.

GIVE IT A REAL TRIAL

You can't expect to discover how much better Postum is for you than any other hot drinks unless you give it a fair trial. So we suggest that you drink it every day for, say—a month. That will give you a real chance to prove how much good it does you, how much better you do feel for drinking it regularly. In order to start you on this test we will send you the first week's supply—free. Fill in the coupon. We'll send you the coupon on a post card.

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POSTUM

The Grape-Nuts Co., Ltd., Dept. B.U.5
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I should like to give Postum a month's trial. Please send me, free of charge and without obligation, the first week's supply

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Most good grocers sell Postum in 48-cup tins for 1/7, and 96-cup tins for 2/6. (These prices do not apply to Northern Ireland or to the Irish Free State.) It is one of the Post Health Products which include Grape-Nuts, Post Toasties and Post's Bran Flakes.

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2,400 drops of perfect flavour
—for 9d.



Candid Communications

*Outspoken Messages to Celebrities,
Notorieties and, occasionally, Nonentities*

To the Rt. Hon. Lord OXFORD and ASQUITH,
Bedford Square, W.C.

MY LORD,—When you contrast the debt per head of the population in the United States, £34, with that of our own population, £168, and the American who pays total taxes of £6 a year with the Briton who pays £34, you touch on the raw the real places of our suffering. These are serious figures, and even more serious is the fact that nothing whatever has been done to reduce them of recent years. Our unbearable taxation is a burden breaking the back of every private citizen and taking the heart out of every industrial enterprise. Things will never be better until we have the wit and the vision to embark on a real policy of disarmament, for there lies the crux of the whole matter.

JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. J. H. THOMAS, M.P.,
Unity House, N.W.

DEAR SIR,—You strike a true note when you say that the working classes are still paying heavily for the great housing shortage. In order to justify itself the Government is creating an impression that this problem is "sort of solved," whereas nothing is further from the truth. Not only is the need as great as ever, but it is actually being increased by building far short of normal requirements. This is an evil for which not only the working classes but the whole community will suffer in the long run. Disease, immorality and kindred rottenness induced by overcrowding cannot be confined to the first sufferers. The one sure thing about evil is that it spreads.

JOHN BULL.

To Sir ROBERT GOWER, M.P.,
Sandown Court, Tunbridge Wells.

DEAR SIR,—It is matter for satisfaction that you are taking up the question of dogs stolen for vivisection experiments. Recent cases have created a feeling of horror in the public mind, and there is great need to protect the dog, man's most loving and faithful friend, from being the victim of these hideous practices. If men and women study the laws of clean living and good breeding, they will keep themselves in health without need for cruelty to their lesser brethren. Drastic legislation must result from the petition you are presenting.

JOHN BULL.

To Mr. W. C. ANGWIN,
Agent-General for Western Australia.

DEAR SIR,—Your career reads like romance. Leaving Cornwall in your youth, you found things very slack when you arrived in Victoria, and after a spell of sickness you lost your job. You were down to 3d., and after buying a 2d. stamp for a letter home you had a halfpenny left. But determination, plus pluck, soon found you a carpenter's job, and in the big building boom that followed you found your chance. Your new appointment speaks volumes for the manner in which you used it. You did something more than line your pockets. You earned the respect and trust of your fellow-colonists.

JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Rev. CYRIL FORSTER GARBETT,
Bishop of Southwark.

MY LORD,—You find gambling and betting, even among young children, more prevalent than ever in South London, and rightly attribute it to intense desire to escape from a dull and monotonous life. You realise that this is caused by narrow, dismal streets and damp insanitary houses, filled to overcrowding. I enlist you on the side of those determined to bring about a better state of things. Until we have bright and cheerful homes in spacious, healthy streets, it is little use preaching to the people of health either of body or soul, for in such evil surroundings both are well-nigh impossible.

JOHN BULL.

To His Honour Judge HAROLD NEWELL,
East Lodge, Rowsley.

DEAR SIR,—When Samuel Lakin, a Newball miner, claimed £5, being two weeks' wages, in lieu of notice, you disallowed the claim. Lakin, who had suffered strong language from his under-manager, had replied in kind and been dismissed. You did not agree with either, but when you say of a man that he "owes respect and obedience as becomes a workman to a master," and that "if everybody is somebody nobody is anybody," you give yourself away. You are ridiculously class conscious.

JOHN BULL.

To Dr. FLINT,
Mansfield, Nottinghamshire.

DEAR SIR,—I fully agree with you that "landlords who own houses in which the windows will not open ought to be prosecuted," and I am glad that medical men are beginning to speak out plainly on such matters. Far too many property-owners are callously indifferent to the health of their tenants.

JOHN BULL.

To Mr. A. DUFF COOPER, M.P.,
Gower Street, W.C.

DEAR SIR,—Although a supporter of the Government which is spending £120,000,000 a year on war preparations, you have had the courage to take a line of your own. "The risk of giving an example of disarmament," you say, "is a risk which this country would be well advised to take." With commendable candour you are voicing an opinion which is rapidly gaining ground.

JOHN BULL.

To Mr. CHARLES LEE,
Marine Street, Cwm.

DEAR SIR,—Notwithstanding the fact that your own son was imprisoned behind huge falls in the recent terrible disaster, you worked valiantly in the hope of locating any of the victims continuously for fifty-two hours, and even when your son had been discovered kept on. Such work is beyond the praise of words.

JOHN BULL.

To the MEMBERS of the RECREATION CLUB,
Stirlingshire Constabulary.

GENTLEMEN,—Taking especially under your kind care the Bootless Bairns' Fund, you raise large sums of money, by concerts and other means, for this most deserving object, and hundreds of helpless and poverty-stricken little ones have their misery relieved by being decently shod through the bitter weather. This proves that Stirling men have sterling hearts.

JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Rev. A. C. HEADLAM, C.H., D.D.,
Bishop of Gloucester.

MY LORD.—In your recently published pamphlet "Economics and Christianity," you not only state that the miners are well-paid, but you have the impudence to assert that their wages are excessive. Do you, with your £4,000 a year, also regard the stipend of the average East End curate as sufficient? It is not surprising after this to read that you consider wise investment as the modern equivalent of selling your goods and giving them to the poor. I trust you know more about Christianity than you do about economics.

JOHN BULL.

Straight from the Shoulder

SIR L. WORTHINGTON-EVANS: "Greater war preparations are being made in Russia than anywhere else in the world."

Greater war preparations are being made everywhere, including here. Don't use Russia as a blind.

THE EARL OF MIDLETON: "We cannot keep up an expenditure of £15 for every man in the country without embarrassing trade."

So that the obvious thing to do is reduce expenditure.

EARL BEAUCHAMP: "Vested interests which grow up in expenditure have to be reckoned with. They make economy more and more difficult."

But not impossible. Forewarned should be forearmed.

MR. DUFF COOPER, M.P.: "It is not defeat that leads to the downfall of countries but bad finance and loss of trade."

And what is bad finance and loss of trade but defeat?



Citizen Churchill: "And the more you are together, the merrier I'll be!"

PLAYER'S MEDIUM NAVY CUT CIGARETTES, WITH OR WITHOUT CORK TIPS.



*for Cool
Smoking*



PLAYER'S

Navy Cut

CIGARETTES

10 for 6d. 20 for 11½d.
50 for 2/5 100 for 4/8



N.C.C. 40

Without Fear or Favour—by the Editor

THE BLACKBOARD LOONIES

THE efficiency of our secondary schools is being undermined by a method of staffing which has put an end to the sound practice of engaging the best men for the job. It is an alarming state of affairs when economy in education takes the place of efficiency

THERE is nothing more important to this country than an efficient system of education.

For our educational system to be efficient we must ensure that our teachers are efficient. It would not occur to any but the most bat-eyed of economists to save money at the expense of the most important body of men and women this country contains.

On their efficiency, their ability, and their experience depends the sort of generation that, in a few years' time, is going to fill our administrative posts and run our country.

A few years ago what has become known as the Burnham scale of salaries was introduced, whereby a teacher is paid in accordance with the length of his service.

That was a right and proper decision. It laid emphasis on the thing that matters most—namely, that the more experience a teacher has the more valuable he is to his school and to his scholars.

But what is right in principle does not always work out well in practice. The elementary school teacher, protected by a strong trade union, has managed to safeguard his interests.

The secondary school teacher has in practice suffered severely from what was in theory to be a beneficent change of system.

THE Assistant Masters' Association recently circularised some 500 schools, asking for details of changes in staff and conditions of appointment.

The results were startling. Out of 1,922 appointments made during the past three years, no fewer than 1,635 were of men with less than six years' experience.

Even more startling is the following highly significant fact. Out of 475 men with more than ten years' experience who left these circularised schools during the

period under review, no fewer than 355 passed out of the profession altogether.

What became of them? It would be interesting to know. In all probability, after a heartbreaking attempt to obtain another Burnham scale post, they drifted into one of the numberless small private schools where a salary of £3 a week is considered lavish.

The root of the trouble is quite simple. The education authorities intend to cut down expenses. Young inexperienced, unqualified teachers are cheap. The fact that they happen also to be inefficient does not seem to weigh with a large number of authorities.

So in the sacred name of economy the application of a man with more than five years' experience usually goes into the waste-paper basket without a second glance.

THE more candid advertisers openly state that "experience is unnecessary"; that "no long service candidate can be considered," or that "applicants must not be over thirty."

Even where no song is made about it the same methods are employed. Teachers' agencies and appointment boards have practically given up trying to place older men, and by older men we mean young fellows of thirty to thirty-five.

One appointment board says: "We only know one case within recent years where a person with more than ten years' experience obtained an appointment at a secondary school. He was a native of the town and had local influence."

Such a state of affairs is a grave scandal. That experience should be a bar to a position in this of all professions is more than a scandal. It is lunacy.

What hope is there for the future of this country if those who have it in their hands to mould or mar the coming generation must write over the portal of their thirtieth year, "Abandon hope all ye who enter here"?



Lord Burnham, C.H., who presided over the Commission on teachers' salaries, the scale recommended by it being known as the Burnham scale.

HEARTLESS CRIME Slow Murder of the Mind

BLACKMAIL has been well described as "moral murder." It is a heartless, revolting crime.

Two recent cases are typical. Years ago, a clergyman, in a moment of madness, compromised himself with a degenerate youth. An agony of repentance followed, but the priest was in the power of a ruthless moral assassin, whose extortions reduced him to financial ruin.

In vain the wretched victim pleaded for mercy, for an amnesty for the evil past. There was no escape, until, risking everything, he sought the protection of the police.

In another case the victim was a wealthy young University student, deliberately decoyed into a particularly vile house of ill-fame. Threatened with exposure, which, as he naively told his persecutors, would "break his mother's heart," the foolish boy parted with £650.

It is satisfactory to note that both these crimes have been exemplarily punished without the disclosure of the victims' names. Unfortunately, this concession, absolutely essential in the interests of justice, is not a matter of law, but rests entirely within the discretion of the judge who tries the case.

The blackmailer's victim, of course, can deal with the matter as he likes, and not infrequently has good reasons for never becoming a prey to blackmail. He has no guarantee that his intelligence will not be blazoned from the top of the moment he faces the test.

As a result many wretched people register by probably the greatest means, let us have time to pay hush-money, of twenty-five years rather than run the risk of having some bygone indiscretion dragged into the light of day. It is time to remedy the defect in the law.

THE BLASTED HEATH

A Disturbing Report

A LAND left to weeds is a land going to ruin. It is the most sinister sign of decay in any community.

In the warm bosom of mother earth are stored potentialities for the human family's every need. To neglect the land, to lock it up, to misuse it, is, in effect, to give not a damn for the crying needs of those who lack employment, who go short of food, clothing, and shelter, all of which are obtainable only when land is fully occupied and worked.

That this sin is being committed in this country is amply proven by the latest report by the Ministry of Agriculture on the agricultural output of England and Wales.

In 1925 the area of land used for agricultural or horticultural purposes was 31,000,000 acres, of which 10,682,000 acres were arable land.

THIS is the smallest area of arable land ever recorded. It is 724,000 acres less than in 1908, when the last agricultural census was taken, and we have not the slightest doubt that the acreage is still dwindling.

The area devoted to corn is less. The production of meat is less. Only in one or two isolated instances is there shown any slightest attempt at increase.

Neither agriculture nor horticulture is encouraged.

The price of land is prohibitive. The system of land tenure is worse than archaic.

In addition, there is the indisputable fact that flowers, fruit, vegetables, meat, eggs, butter, cheese, and other homely foodstuffs if shipped from abroad can be made to yield many more middlemen's profits than when grown at home.

BUT there is another disturbing factor. Farmers as a whole prefer to cling to antiquated methods of marketing rather than profit by the experience of exporting countries that have proved co-operation to be the secret of agricultural success.

That is why the Lincolnshire Co-operative Bacon Factory Society is no more. After a five years' struggle against adversity it has been wound up. It is in liquidation.

And why? Out of 600 members who joined the society only sixty ever did any regular business with the factory. According to Sir Archibald Weigall, Chairman of the Committee, some merely used the factory to obtain a better price from other dealers!

Prejudice, ignorance and stupidity hold the field. The real patriotic Party will be the first which tackles the land question at its roots, and for that every sane elector on our register would vote.

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The Rt. Hon. Sir Arthur Steel-Maitland, M.P.,
Minister of Labour

THE cenotaph stands in Whitehall with its inscription, "To the glorious dead." Similar memorials stand in practically every town in the country. There is one to be seen on nearly every village green.

A million glorious dead! We have not forgotten them. I cannot help wondering sometimes if we have not forgotten completely the million glorious living.

The bullets that killed the glorious dead turned them into heroes. Those same bullets missed killing other men, and by the irony of Fate and the apathy of the national conscience, turned them not into heroes but into despised ex-soldiers, into "lazy, good-for-nothing drawers of the dole."

They turned potential heroes into actual political menaces. The freak of war that killed one man and spared another threw the survivor into the gutter, with his only reward to see his wife and children on the verge of starvation.

The accusing fingers

I sometimes wonder what would happen if a miracle could take place and the million dead return to their grateful country to see what sort of a job we have made of the trust they handed to our keeping.

We heap up flowers to their memory, but if they came back could we find them jobs? We have given them homes in our memories, but if they returned could we give them homes on earth in which to live with their wives and children?

What should we have to say if they asked us if we had kept our terms and made this country a country fit to live in? What would our answer be if they demanded to know how much of the country for which they fought had been given to their surviving comrades?

Is there a politician in the land, is there a single man or a single woman who dare face such an accusing army?

"Out in France," they would say, "amid the heat and blood, the mud and filth and the we discovered that class meant less than that all that mattered was human ip and co-operation."

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discovered that each man mattered as y other, and that all the things about sed to argue and squabble before the rtificial problems that faded into significance before the necessity of ther and doing the best irrespective of or prejudice.

ave you allowed that spirit to disap- at right had you to take the best that give and then throw it all away for the

If the Dead Returned

by E. ROFFE THOMPSON

*"TO you from failing hands we throw
The torch; be yours to hold it high.
If ye break faith with us who die
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow in Flanders field."*

tawdry squabbles of your Party politicians and the petty hatreds of your classes?"

A man would have to have a face of brass and a heart of stone if he could face an accusation like that without flinching.

Yet so deadened has our national conscience become that I wonder how long it would be before these men whom we now talk of as the glorious dead were discovered by public opinion to be lazy dole-drawing good-for-nothings?

How long would it take us to discover that this army too was a political menace? How long would it be before a million more men were playing barrel-organs in the street, begging in the gutter, swelling the appalling number of those who depend for their very bread and butter upon outdoor relief from the guardians?

I wonder what our politicians would say if they were asked this question: "A million men laid down their lives in the war that this country might be greater than ever; but you have muddled and messed about, with the result that, with all your vaunted efficiency, and despite all the colossal resources of the British Empire, you have failed to find work for a million men."

"Would you not have been grateful if, instead of one million, two million men had been killed in the war? Or would you have still had on your hands a million unemployed?"

The hopeless army

They would be righteously indignant. They would call it a crazy question. Yet surely that is the logical question to ask, in view of the appalling situation with which we are confronted, when even sober and world-famous economists tell us that they see no hope of this country ever having less than 700,000 unemployed as a permanent drag on our economic machinery.

Surely the only logical reply to that dreadful statement is that we did not kill enough men in the war. If we had only killed another million the unemployment trouble would have been solved.

If that is not the solution to this problem of unemployment, if the remedy for unemployment

is not to have another war and kill off more men until we have sufficiently reduced the population of this country to manageable proportions, then the politicians of this country are betraying their trust in not using their brains to find a concrete solution.

And every man and woman with a vote and the power to use it is betraying his and her trust in not insisting that the solution to this problem shall be found.

The nation's disgrace

While we glorify the dead and despise the living we have no right to call ourselves anything else except tragic humbugs.

It has been said before, but it will hurt nobody to say it again, that if a tithe of the energy that went towards making war, equipping war and winning war were put into the task, still unaccomplished, of making peace, equipping peace and winning peace, there would not only be no unemployment problem, but such an era of prosperity, industrial and social, as this country has never dreamed of, let alone seen.

Our national life is a sham and a farce so long as there exists one man who wishes to work for whom work cannot be found. Our politicians can waste their time in splitting hairs over what is and what is not a British film. The House of Commons can find plenty of energy to vote millions of money for the building of new cruisers and new battle-ships.

The Cabinet is quite prepared to spend session after session in arguing as to whether or not Russia should be removed from the map by a stroke of the pen; but none of them is prepared to sit down and do some solid thinking as to how to ensure to every British citizen his right to a decent life in the country of his birth.

It is just as well that miracles do not happen. It is just as well that the million glorious dead cannot one day walk up to the House of Commons and demand to know why they were called on to lay down their lives on Flanders field.

But it would do our legislators no harm to think of what answer they would give to that question.

*Life calls for sacrifice for others.
If self-interest only obtains, remorse
comes at the end, bringing sad regret*

IT is just three months since I had this letter:

"I am a single girl, twenty-nine years old, and all my life I have lived in the country. My father and mother died from consumption when I was a child, and I have made my home with an aunt who has treated me as her own."



Mr. Philip Inman

A week later I was talking to the writer of that letter. She had come to me direct from keeping the appointment with an eminent physician. His

"A little time ago I had influenza, which left me with a weak chest, and now I seem to be only the shadow of my old self. Yesterday I saw my doctor, who tells me that there is something seriously wrong, and he advises me to come to London to see a specialist. I am wondering if you would tell me the best man I could consult."

diagnosis had confirmed the worst fears of her local doctor. She was suffering from consumption and he had given her three months to live.

Three months to live—that is a tragic sentence for a man or a woman stricken in years, but what of this girl who did not look the twenty-nine years of her age? Yet when she told me that her days were numbered, there was no tremor in her voice.

Then she said to me, "I'm not afraid to die; you see, I have got almost everybody I care for on the other side. My boy was killed at Gallipoli, and my parents are both dead. What is the use of going on living when one's heart has been dead for years?"

SHE paused for a moment and into her eyes came a softer light. "I've only got one regret," she went on. "Ever since Ron died I have buried myself away, and I realise now that I ought to have acted differently. I've pretty well wasted my life, haven't I?"

And then she continued quietly, "If I had the strength I would like to help in 'Sunshine Ward,' but as that is denied me, give me, oh give me something I can do."

Three Months

Not for Women of 21

by A. G. GARDINER

PARLIAMENT is in a state of rot, and the public show no interest in its doings. This, unless checked, will result in national decay. Reconstruction alone can save the situation, but this cannot be done by cheapening the vote

I HOPE that Mr. Baldwin will have the courage to say "No" to the agitation for more votes. He is being urged to enfranchise all women at twenty-one on the ground that all men are enfranchised at twenty-one, and that the principle of the equality of the sexes demands that the man shall enjoy no privilege that the woman does not share on the same terms.

If I urge Mr. Baldwin to say "No," it is not because I am against that principle. I advocated votes for women long ago because I could see no common-sense ground on which one sex was entitled to make the laws and the other sex only had the duty of obeying them.

I did not imagine that giving votes to women would give us a new heaven and a new earth, but the change was in the nature of things, and had better be welcomed than resisted.

But altogether apart from the question of sex, I think we have cheapened the vote too much already, and that if there is a case for further change to-day, it is not in the direction of more extension of the franchise but in the direction of limiting the franchise.

Tyranny for liberty

I do not think anyone whose memory goes back, say, over the last thirty years can doubt that Parliamentary government to-day has lost enormously in prestige and respect. I am speaking of this country. On the Continent it was never established so deeply, or accepted so unquestioningly, as here, and there it has largely gone altogether.

Mussolini has kicked it into the gutter in Italy, and the little gang of doctrinaires who have got their heel on the neck of Russia has kicked it into the gutter there. In both cases tyranny has been substituted for liberty, and the people have nothing to do with the Government except obey it.

We have not got so far yet. Parliament still functions, and we still govern ourselves after a fashion. But the omens are not good. Since the war the respect and attention given to Parliament have declined visibly.

A debate in Parliament on a subject which may affect the lives and well-being of every one of us is given less space than the production of a new film or a cup tie or a boxing bout.

Democracy's failure

The result of this public indifference is a noticeable decline in Parliamentary standards. Things pass muster now which would have ended Governments and driven men out of public life in other days. The politician is no longer kept up to the mark by the fierce light that used to beat upon his actions in Parliament, and great departures of policy are taken almost without public comment or knowledge.

Coupled with this is a tendency to look outside Parliament for the real seat of power, and direct action by the trade unions is answered by hankerings after Fascism amongst the reactionaries.

All this is bad, and it is at least significant that the fall in the prestige of Parliament is coincident with the coming of the universal franchise. For a century the battle for the vote dominated all other issues, and no sooner is the complete victory won, even to the inclusion of women, than the vote itself becomes a bauble and Parliament loses its authority on the public mind.

It is as though liberty is only respected while it is denied. When everybody enjoys it it ceases to matter.

It is this palsy that has come over Parliament that lends colour to what Mr. H. G. Wells has just been prophesying in his address at the Sorbonne in Paris. He thinks that a world revolution is in progress, and that the day of Parliamentary government is done.

Parliaments have failed or are failing because democracy is a failure. People clamour for the vote, and when they have got it they think less of what it means than they do of a football-match or the prospects of a horse in the Grand National.

Parliament flounders along in a sort of huggemugger scrum between "ins" and "outs" and without the mechanism for dealing with the great social and industrial problems that come crashing on the public and demanding solution.



The Rt. Hon. Stanley Baldwin, M.P., Prime Minister

In short, Parliament can't govern, and Mr. Wells sees in Sovietism on the one side and Fascism on the other, experiments for getting a new instrument that can govern.

Distressful examples

I ventured to suggest to him when I met him after his return from Paris, that his new instruments were old instruments that had been tried for ages and discarded.

The Russian oligarchy and the Italian dictatorship are not the last thing in the modern science of government; they are the antiquated, rust-eaten blunderbusses of long ago that broke in the hand of despots.

I refuse to believe that this country, which has learned its lessons in self-government through seven centuries of struggle, has anything to take from Italy which was born politically the day before yesterday, from Russia which has passed from one barbarism to another, or from China which is turning violently after its sleep of two thousand years.

I do not believe that liberty can ever be washed out; therefore, I do not believe that the idea of self-government can ever be suppressed; therefore, I do not believe that we shall find any efficient or lasting substitute for Parliament.

It we were to set up a Red Shirt tyranny under Mr. Cook or a Black Shirt tyranny under "Jix" to-morrow, the spirit of the English people would destroy such an insult to its intelligence and its freedom within six months. If Parliament ceased to exist it would have to be invented.

But it will not cease to exist. It is passing through a bad phase and a critical time, but it will survive, and come out with new power from the ordeal. But it needs reconstruction from within and a new impulse from without.

Machinery to scrap

It needs to modernise its machinery for dealing with the enormous structural changes of the modern world. It must show that it can deal masterfully with such a problem as coal, and not collapse before it as the present Government has done.

And it must stop any more watering of the electorate. I wish there could be an intelligence test for the vote. That is impossible. But there can be, at least, a raising of the age test. Rather than have a further dilution of the register by the admission of women of twenty-one, let us have the voting age for everybody put up to twenty-five.

That would do something to steady public opinion and to put the control of Parliament in the hands of the more responsible elements of the nation.

Months to Live

As she made that appeal a new eagerness crept into her voice, and I had not the heart to say her nay. But what a problem she had propounded. Here was a girl, almost on her deathbed, pleading for a chance to do a good turn before she died.

BUT whatever work she attempted would tax her already weakened constitution, and would inevitably hasten her end. I asked if the doctor had not advised her to rest. "No," she said. "He told me to keep going as long as I could."

Then an idea came into my mind. At that very moment there was lying in one of the wards a middle-aged woman who, too, had been sentenced by the specialist to an early death. Day after day I had watched her, and in her eyes there was always the shadow of a great sorrow.

Only the day before she had told me the reason of it. Her husband was lying at home, a chronic invalid. "He has been helpless now for twelve years. What will he do when I am gone?" she asked me with a sob.

I decided to tell my visitor of this patient, and when I had done so she begged to be taken to her. That visit marked the beginning of a wonderful

friendship. It was a little later that I noticed the shadow had vanished from the elder woman's face.

I met the girl as she was coming downstairs, and she said quite gleefully, "I've found something to do at last. I'm going to arrange for her husband to be taken into Hertfordshire where I live."

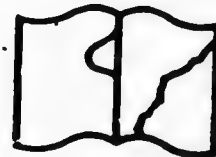
The next day I heard that the invalid man was to find a home in a comfortable country cottage. Every day, when her strength permitted, she paid a visit to the hospital, but it was easy to see that life was slipping away.

I SHALL not easily forget the touching farewell that took place between those two women. "I'm not to come any more," said the younger woman. "My doctor will not let me, but I will look in on your husband as often as I can." "I shall miss you terribly," said the elder woman. "Not for very long," came the ready response.

Yesterday, as I walked through the wards, the elder woman was breathing her last. Almost as she passed into the unknown she whispered, "My angel." Was it a vision she saw? I wonder. For I learnt later that the Hertfordshire girl had passed away just an hour before.

In Sunshine Ward

by PHILIP INMAN



MR. SYDNEY A. MOSELEY begins this week a vital and fascinating investigation into the problem of the unmarried post-war girl. Mr. Moseley's discoveries will startle the country when it learns what really lurks behind this quest

"WILL ANYBODY MARRY ME?"

by SYDNEY A. MOSELEY

IT occurred to me to go in search of a wife. A fairly easy matter, I thought. Novel perhaps, but all plain sailing seeing that according to statistics there are some two million mateless girls and women. Two million! Alas, a sad and forlorn army of lonely women destined to go through life unmated and unloved!

Yet what about the bachelors? Isn't there a multitude of them too, living an unnatural solitary existence? Why don't they join up with some of these women? Perhaps the reason is "they cannot afford it," or they haven't met the right girl or—just selfishness.

The fatal barrier

I have been giving a good deal of thought to the matter. Nothing can be so terrible as a loveless life; it is a crime against Nature.

Yet one of the reasons for the lonely state of so many men and women is just this—the right men and women never meet and do not have the opportunity of meeting.

How can they? Ask any married man or woman how they first met, and in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred they will tell you that the supreme meeting was purely accidental. The selection of one's life partner should not be left to a hazard.

Why shouldn't a man or woman, reaching the age when the promptings of love are heard, go out deliberately to find a mate who will in most particulars fit in with their ideals?

The next point is—Can it be done? Well, the best way, undoubtedly, is to put it to the test. I decided that *I would myself become a pioneer and go out into the world seeking a wife.*

How was one to begin? When you think of it, there must be something vitally lacking in our order of society that there should be any difficulty in the matter at all.

You can't stop at a street corner under the lamp and watch the procession of lonely maidens pass and choose from them. Besides, they may not be lonely.

The other night I actually found myself studying the endless throng at the Bank. I was immediately struck by the beauty, form and carriage of the modern girl.

The home of true beauty

I have travelled in many parts of the world where the beauty of women is taken for granted—Greece, Turkey, Hungary, France, Austria, Serbia, and many other lands—but one has to come back here to London to find true beauty.

So lost in wonderment was I that I forgot my mission was not to discover beauty. The ideal wife may be far from having a pretty face or a fine figure as her outstanding virtue. Character, sympathy, a love of

home, an understanding of a man's part in the scheme of things—these are much to be preferred.

I found that, despite the sneers directed against the modern girl,



Mr. Sydney A. Moseley

she retains her modest mien, her maidenly dignity and the pride of her sex.

Here was I, a student, watching the concourse alone. Yet no head was turned in my direction, no eyes searched mine. Say what you will, the character of Miss 1927 remains unimpeachable.

I stood in contemplation for, as I thought, about ten minutes, but when I came to earth I found that my vigil had lasted nearly an hour and a half, and I was cold and tired. No man can remain romantic under such conditions. And so I joined the last throng of laughing, scurrying humanity on a west-bound 'bus.

The benevolent "bobby"

Now all this was very interesting and revealing, and I felt that my search for a wife need not be prolonged, and that, providing Miss Barkis was willing, there was an immense field from which to choose.

It's a strange thing, but the Londoner automatically goes to the benevolent "bobby" whenever he is in a fix. Impulsively I thought I would ask the policeman at Marble Arch and watch his puzzled brow!

He agreed it was rather a stupid thing that a man might see scores of girls and young women among whom he might find a wife and that there was absolutely no means of getting to know them.

"Of course, it would never do stopping and telling them," he said with a laugh, and I agreed. "There

How to make a Policeman laugh

Show him a copy of the "Passing Show"—the best thing for the Blues.

Every Friday—ad.

seems to be pretty good stuff about in some of them night clubs!" was a suggestion of his.

That night and the following nights I visited five different cabarets and night clubs. Yet beyond the usual sordid adventures for which I was not out, nothing hove in sight which would in any way help me in my search for a life's partner.

Then the plan of finding a wife by advertisement was made to me, and I discovered that behind most of these "lonesome" advertisements are matrimonial agencies who insert them as a bait to the lonely.

Setting the bait

Such appealing advertisements as these appear in various newspapers:

Lonesome: Young lady, twenty-four, attractive, seeks acquaintance with man under forty, with a view to matrimony.

The second read:

Wishing to marry a respectable man with a fair income, brunette is willing to send full particulars to serious enquirers.

The last was the most intriguing:

Lady of rank, now widow, wishes to meet gentleman, working man preferred. Has moderate income. Tall man preferred.

It was annoying, to say the least, when I found that these advertisements were in the nature of baits thrown out by business-seeking matrimonial agencies.

Who and what were these agencies? Could they really help the lonely? I felt particularly interested in the plight of the tens of thousands of girls and women who use these agencies frankly and hopefully. They trust these Cupid organisations, giving them their full confidences, paying what fees they ask and meeting such men as the agency recommends.

My first efforts with the matrimonial agencies were of a decidedly encouraging nature. Apparently there were many such lonesome lassies as those I had in mind, waiting and hoping for a life's partner.

A supreme test

There was, of course, a mere matter of formality, the filling up of forms, and such commercial details as fees in advance.

It was while I was filling up the details of my age, occupation, income and requirements in the second form, that it occurred to me to make a supreme test as to the sincerity and purpose of these agencies.

I have investigated a good many vital problems. Why not this, the most important of them all? So far as I know it had never been done before.

It was just as well that I did. For it was then that I stumbled across what I consider to be the greatest scandal of modern times.

Look out for the amazing sequel in next week's "John Bull."

BLIND CHILDREN'S BALLOT

IN AID OF THE ELLEN TERRY NATIONAL HOMES FOR BLIND DEFECTIVE CHILDREN.

£1000 for 1!

Over 90 other Money Prizes.

TO BOOK HOLDERS.

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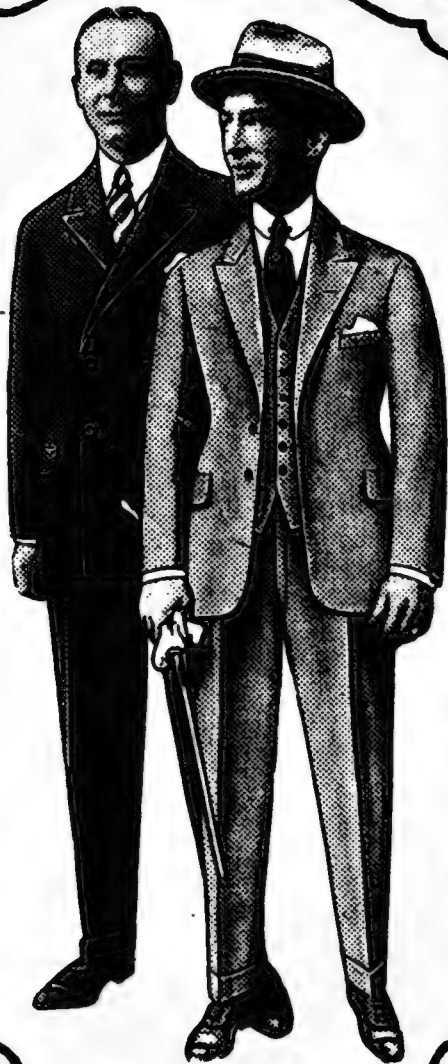
THE FINAL DATE FOR THE RECEIPT OF VOTING COUPONS IS APRIL 12.

We desire to say that this Ballot has been successful and take this opportunity of thanking all those who have helped us to attain this end.

The Manager,
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SHRUNK, TWO FOLD PURE
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By B. W. HAIR, M.D.,

844 PEOPLE DIED in December FROM
BRONCHITIS IN LONDON ALONE.

The Highest Mortality of Any Disease.

.....Registrar-General's Report, 1926.



The Royal Physician
who endorsed
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DONT let Bronchitis or Asthma wear down your vitality. You can quickly recover and avoid repeated attacks by taking Dr. Hair's Asthma and Bronchitis Cure, the unfailing liquid cure. Dr. Hair's treatment is so unique in its efficacy that the etiquette of the medical profession entirely fails to restrain doctor's spontaneous outbursts of personal testimony.

THE GREAT ST BRITISH ASTHMA SPECIALIST of to-day says: "... I have not seen one who, if there were no serious complications, no matter how long the duration of the Asthma, could not be cured."

Why tolerate more suffering? Dr. Hair's is a household word in thousands of grateful homes. It is a liquid medicine, taken in teaspoonful doses, which banishes the struggle for breath, and enables the wearied sufferer to sleep peacefully and arise next morning refreshed.

ANOTHER WELL-KNOWN DOCTOR WRITES:

"Though it is not my practice to give testimonials to secret remedies, I consider that 'Hair's Asthma Cure' has been before the Profession for so long that there is no objection to my adding my personal testimony to its efficacy in Asthma and Bronchitis." Yours faithfully, M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P.

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Another doctor says that the sick SHOULD NOT BE ALLOWED TO SUFFER when this remedy is available. You need not suffer. You may start on the way to complete health NOW by sending at once for the Free Book in which Dr. B. W. Hair describes his own treatment fully and gives directions for diet and hygiene while his medicine is being used. Write your name and address on the coupon and post it NOW!

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THE PROVED LIQUID CURE

Obtainable from Boots, Taylors, Timothy Whites, Needhams, Squires, and all leading Chemists. Price 3/- and 5/- per bottle or direct post free (C.O.D.) from address on coupon below.

READ THIS!—FREE BOOK—

74, Camp Hill, Birmingham.
February 1st, 1927.

I am extremely grateful for the Booklet you sent me a few weeks ago. It has been most helpful and interesting. I commenced Dr. Hair's Treatment on January 1st, and have had four bottles of medicine. With the first bottle I began to feel my health and energy returning, and could sleep all night from the first. For years I have been tortured with Asthma, and may say that nothing has ever before cured my cough. I cannot speak too highly of it, and shall be only too pleased to help every sufferer to know about Dr. Hair's wonderful cure.

(Signed) Miss E. HOLLIS.

To Dr. Hair's Asthma Cure, Ltd.,

(Dept. 69), 104, High Holborn, LONDON, W.C.1

Send me, FREE, and post paid, Dr. Hair's 48 pp. Book on Asthma, Bronchitis, Hay Fever and Catarrh.

Name

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County

Send this coupon in unopened envelope for 1/-.

WRITE CLEARLY.

J.B., 2/4/27

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Do what I am doing! Tell your father, your uncles, your big brothers and all the smokers you know about these wonderful free gifts. Ask them all to smoke B.D.V. Cigarettes and give

you the coupons. You can get dozens of smokers collecting for you.

In addition to engines there are stations, coaches, trucks, lines, tunnels, cabins and signals. When mine is complete it will go all round the garden. I think that building a railway piece by piece is great fun! It's going to be jolly exciting putting on extra trains and extending the system.

You can also get the

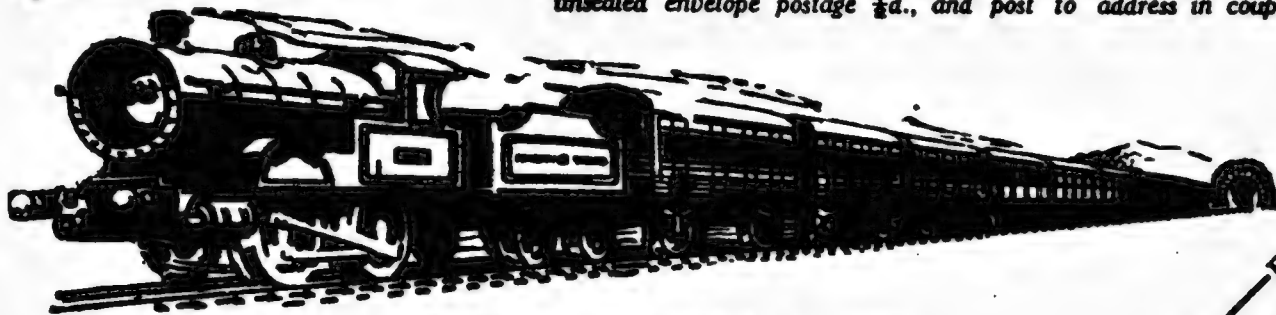
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Dear Sir, Please send me Free B.D.V. Gift Book worth 5 Coupons

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ADDRESS

VACCINATION: Startling Exposure

THE POISONED NEEDLE

Doctors' Scathing Indictment

ARE conscientious objectors to vaccination mere fools and faddists, or is there good reason to fear the consequences of inoculating healthy children with the virus of disease?

This question is best answered, not by wordy argument, but by the patient examination of facts.

Apart entirely from the question of whether vaccination in its present form lessens the risk of smallpox—a matter upon which distinguished medical opinion is sharply divided—it is important that parents and others should have the means of estimating the risks involved in inoculations.

A terrible process

As to the true nature of vaccination there is no scientific dispute. In the *Lancet*, a medical journal of the highest standing, the process was recently defined in these terms:

"Vaccination at the age of six months inflicts an infectious disease on the child at a time when its digestive mechanism is being rapidly modified, and many reasonable people, although convinced that vaccination will prevent smallpox, think that the advantages of immunity do not outweigh the disadvantages of its production."

In plain terms the alleged means of prevention may be worse than any form of the disease met with in this country during recent years.

Official statistics prove that in the past twenty-one years only sixty children under the age of five have died from smallpox, whereas in the same period there have been 202 deaths directly attributable to vaccination.

In a recent issue of the *British Journal of Experimental Pathology*, a publication devoted to the scientific survey of disease, there appeared a startling article, signed by Professor Hubert M. Turnbull, M.D., and Professor James McIntosh, M.D., of the London and Middlesex Hospitals, two of the most distinguished pathological experts in Great Britain.

Some tragic cases

The following cases were cited:

At the London Hospital, in July, 1912, a lad, fifteen years of age, recently vaccinated, died of encephalomyelitis, a form of that mysterious disease "sleepy sickness."

In November, 1922, a girl, nine years of age, was taken seriously ill the eleventh day after vaccination, falling into a deep sleep, and remaining unconscious till her death on the seventeenth day.

A woman, twenty-two years of age, vaccinated when a baby, was re-vaccinated on November 29, 1922. After seven days she was taken ill.

In ten or twelve days she became drowsy, manifesting all the symptoms of high fever, later falling into a coma and dying on the fourteenth day.

Seven cases, all fatal, are recorded by these eminent doctors, who de-

cided that in each case the illness was caused by vaccination.

It recently fell to one of these distinguished investigators, Dr. James McIntosh, Professor of Pathology at London University, to deliver the



The Earl of Dysart, whose challenge to advocates of vaccination was declined

presidential address at the Royal Society of Medicine when, with his painful experience at the London Hospital in mind, he said:

"Scientifically, it cannot be disputed that from every point of view the injection of virus, capable of multiplying in the body of the individual, is bad. When multiplication of the virus occurs, then there is no possibility of estimating the dose to which the patient has been subjected. Thus, the effect cannot be controlled, and in susceptible individuals may lead to unforeseen results."

A striking admission

A mild, non-fatal form of smallpox, scarcely distinguishable from chickenpox, has been notified from a number of districts, chiefly in the North of England, within the past year or two.

On February 18, 1927, Dr. G. C. Barnes, medical officer for Southport, wrote as follows to every medical practitioner in the town:

"Since the outbreak of smallpox commenced on January 8, approximately 13,000 people have been vaccinated. Instances have come to notice of severe reaction following vaccination, manifested not only by local signs, but by general symptoms of malaise and pyrexia (fever). Severity of these reactions is one factor in the sudden decline of persons presenting themselves for vaccination."

Questioned in the House of Commons as to the progress of the alleged smallpox epidemic, the Minister of Health was forced to admit that in 1925 and 1926 nine deaths were officially attributed to vaccination—all of infants from one month to eight and a half months old—and also that "severe reactions following

vaccination had been reported from Sheffield and other towns."

In Sheffield out of 479 notified cases of smallpox there had not been a single death.

The following news items appeared in a single day:

"Suffering from the results of vaccination 250 girls employed in one Sheffield factory are off work."

"In a large drapery establishment in the city scores of girls are away from work after having been vaccinated, and in a hairdressing saloon, where girls have been vaccinated on their legs, eleven out of twenty are off work because their legs have swollen considerably."

An alarming prospect

At the same time this striking comment appeared in the *Medical Officer*, a professional journal:

"The doctors in Sheffield are so busy with the crowds of people attending or requiring visiting for vaccination that they have little time to attend to their ordinary business."

Two people in the same house suffering from fits after vaccination, a woman ill for a week with a high temperature and other alarming symptoms, a doctor warning his patients against vaccination as being by far the greater of two evils, were interesting commentaries.

Yet Sir George Newman, Chief Medical Officer of the Ministry of Health, in his latest report says:

"Smallpox, though liable to outbreak, seems to be vanishing before our eyes, and, compared with only a century ago, is relatively a rare and mild disease."

One of the worst cases of the ill-effects of vaccination recently brought to light was that of a promising youth of nineteen who had inadvertently been brought into contact with a mild case of smallpox.

Accordingly, he was strongly recommended to undergo vaccination. Then, on the ninth day following vaccination, he was suddenly taken ill with a high fever. Five days later he was dead.

These tragic facts, and others like them, are within the knowledge of the Ministry of Health, but, as yet, there is no change in its attitude of "scientific" enthusiasm for the poisonous jab of the vaccinator's needle.

An unaccepted challenge

Following the death of a sanitary inspector at Manchester after vaccination, a member of the City Council condemned in unsparing terms this "bestial and dangerous habit."

He was able to prove that, since 1903, deaths from smallpox in the United Kingdom had averaged only thirteen per annum.

Last year the Earl of Dysart offered to subscribe £1,000 to any charity named by the medical profession if it could convince an impartial and competent arbitrator that vaccination prevented smallpox and was itself harmless.

This challenge was declined. Why?



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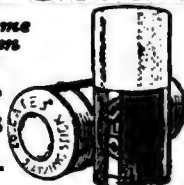
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REPORTS AND RETORTS

Overcrowded Kent—Titles and Touts—Medical Profession Slandered

WAY down in Kent, where the jolly old hops come from, some far-seeing gentlemen have embodied their notions of statesmanship in the annual report of the Kent Committee on Empire Settlement.

"From 1904 to 1914," says the report, "200 settlers from home went forth each year. To-day with all our efforts and officials we cannot persuade 60,000 men to venture overseas."

However, the committee has rooted out the cause of this slump in human exports.

It is not, as you might in your pitiful ignorance imagine, that workers in Kent have received letters from Canada, Australia and elsewhere, mentioning that things in those countries are not quite as depicted by the immigration posters.

Oh, dear no! The real cause is "the destruction of the spirit of venture in our people."

The report points out that "Boys born in too easy circumstances seldom make useful and venturesome men," and because "The State has granted a generous addition to the unemployed insurance benefit," the committee is convinced that "a serious injury has been done to this spirit."

Grave evils demand drastic remedies, so the committee has decided that the glorious work of turning Englishmen into exiles can best be furthered by the Government dealing "firmly with the problem of unemployment payments on the lines of returning to our people their old virtue of sturdy independence and joyous venturesomeness."

Possibly some men of Kent are lewd fellows of the baser sort who cannot see that they are committing a crime by remaining in the land of their birth, but this only shows what wrong-headed ideas some people can acquire!

Having dropped this report into the waste-paper basket, I turned to the Home Office report on the Supervision of Charities.

This committee, like their brethren of Kent, is "disturbed," but with more reason.

After furnishing startling revelations of the manner in which rogues make a living by organising "blind" charities, the report refers to "the carelessness with which



... "into the W.P.B.!"

people holding prominent positions allow their names to be associated with unsubstantial charities."

More or less famous names on the newspaper of an organisation still carry weight; but various titled persons are much too casual in giving permission for their names to be used, sometimes out of good nature and sometimes because this sort of publicity is not without value in inspiring anxious creditors with a false sense of security.

Running expensive charitable funds in such a manner that large amounts find their way into the pockets of "organ-

isers" and dashed little is left for those the fund was ostensibly designed to assist is a profitable business for a number of glib ladies and gentlemen, and these elegant sharks are not slow to take the hint offered by the Duke of Plaza-Toro: "In short, if you'd kindle the spark of a swindle, lure simpletons into your clutches, or hoodwink a debtor, you cannot do better than trot out a duke or a duchess."

Just as the Kent Committee of Empire Settlement seems to think that unemployment insurance is turning a sturdy, adventurous race into stay-at-home degenerates (like you and me and the committee), so various other people consider that sickness insurance is turning honest and decent workers into fraudulent malingerers.

Only a few weeks ago the Minister of Health was rebuked for his reckless suggestion that panel doctors gave sickness certificates for the asking during the coal lock-out, but this has not prevented one, A. C. Thompson, chairman of the Prudential Assurance Company, repeating the slander.

"We are forced to the conclusion," he announced, "that many members have been provided with medical certificates although they were not in fact incapable of work," and he went on to suggest that "some doctors seem to have forgotten their duties toward the National Health Insurance Fund."

Men in semi-public positions should be very certain of their ground before indulging in such wholesale aspersions. In this case the only "evidence" available is that more sickness certificates were given in mining districts during the lock-out than in normal times.

Seemingly it is hopeless trying to convince some of the well-fed that shortage of food is not the best possible preventive of ill-health.

The Sentence of the Court

A MUDDLED MARQUESS

Salisbury Plaintiveness

LAYING aside the slate upon which, while waiting for his case to be called, he had been trying vainly to subtract 5 from 8 (making the result first 9, then 13, and finally 27), the Marquess of Salisbury, Lord Privy Seal, pleaded "Not guilty" to a charge of evading the facts-collector.

"To the mind of the noble Marquess," said Mr. Watchdog, K.C., "facts appear to be only slightly less repugnant than figures, and during the House of Lords economy debate he seemed anxious to evade the former and incapable of grappling with the latter."

"The result was that in attempting to explain why Civil Service expenditure has risen nearly 300 per cent. since 1914 he was reduced to pleading that 'The present position is the result of the Great War and the general strike.'"



"We have heard these excuses so often that some of us are beginning to think that the war was fought to make the world safe for bureaucracy and that the general strike, although a disaster for everyone else, was a blessing in disguise for Government apologists, as without it they might have had to fall back on the vagaries of the weather or the Japanese earthquake to excuse their failure to effect economies."

"What renders the offence of the noble marquess more than usually serious is that he endeavoured to shoot responsibility for the Government's shortcomings on to the shoulders of its chief victim, the British taxpayer, by declaring that 'The British are an extravagant people' and suggesting that in the 'education of public opinion' lies the only remedy for squandermania."

Mr. Strawsplitter said that the increase in the Civil Service since 1914 was accounted for by the extra work the service was called upon to perform. Reducing expenditure was not a mere matter of arithmetic. Questions of policy, which could not possibly be solved by simple addition or subtraction, had to be considered.

"The question at issue is much more one of arithmetic than of rhetoric," said Mr. Justice Bull; "though if we leave it, so to speak, on the Salisbury plane, it would appear to be merely a matter of deciding what punishment is suitable, not for the highwaymen of Whitechapel, but for their unhappy victims."

"It is useless attempting to explain away the growth of a bloated bureaucracy by simply vague references to increased work."

"The Admiralty controls far fewer ships and has 50,000 fewer seamen to pay than in 1914, yet the Accountant-General's department reveals an increase of 80 per cent. in number and no less than 300 per cent. in cost."

"There are 238,000 fewer men in the Army, yet the War Office staff has gone up from 1,300 to 2,000, and its cost from £293,000 to £455,000."

"In view of these figures, the prisoner's attempted evasions seem to me unusually futile—even for a member of the Government."

It is therefore my duty to sentence him to six months' compulsory instruction in the three R's of statesmanship—rithmetic, rationing and retrenchment."

A PLAIN TALK ON RHEUMATISM

ITS RELATION TO URIC ACID.

It is not the purpose of this announcement to deal with rheumatic fever, but with the numerous painful maladies which creep stealthily and gradually upon their victims and eventually result in suffering and disablement in old age. Let it suffice to state that rheumatic fever is a dangerous disease which usually attacks young adults and children, and in which the heart invariably sustains permanent injury. This disease demands the physician's skill for its safe treatment. But in the case of the many prevalent varieties of suffering which are usually classed under the homely name "rheumatics" successful treatment rests almost entirely with the sufferer. Given the right remedy and perseverance, there is no reason why any man or woman should endure periods of pain and stiffness year after year, with the prospect of sooner or later becoming a confirmed invalid.

URIC ACID AND ILL-HEALTH.

Uric acid is a natural waste product in every human system, harmless enough in reasonable quantities, and so long as the kidneys are in a state of healthy activity. But if the daily quantity of uric acid be augmented by too high living, or if the kidneys are impaired by any cause—a chill, for example, is one of the commonest of causes—then an excess of uric acid accumulates in the system with deleterious effect upon the health.

The victim of uric acid retention soon begins to feel generally out-of-sorts, constipation is invariably present, headaches are severe and persistent, a dull aching is often felt behind the eyes, and unpleasant fits of vertigo or dizziness are sometimes experienced. The appetite flags and all the symptoms of dyspepsia appear—acidity, heartburn, flatulence, with pain after food. The liver is congested, and such nervous disorders as despondency, irritability, and a disposition to worry over trifles lead the sufferer to imagine that he or she is neurasthenic. Not infrequently patches of eczema contribute to the sufferer's discomfort.

HOW PAIN SETS IN.

The sufferer may continue in this condition for a long time without experiencing a pronounced attack of rheumatism or gout, although twinges of pain and more or less stiffness are invariably felt in the muscles and joints during damp and changeable weather. Then something occurs to bring the disease to a head.

It may be a chill, prolonged exposure to a cold wind and rain, sitting about in wet clothes and boots, or in a draught. These agencies would have but a passing effect upon one whose system contained only the normal amount of uric acid, but in the case of the individual whose blood and lymph vessels are highly charged with this mischievous waste residue they bring about a precipitation of some of the surplus acid in the form of minute crystals which settle in the muscles, congregate about the joints, and pierce the sheaths of the nerves.

These tiny atoms are sharper than needles, and keener than razors. They are responsible for the aches, pains,

stiffness, and other kinds of suffering only too well known to the victims of muscular rheumatism, lumbago, sciatica, neuritis, chronic rheumatism, rheumatic gout, and acute gout. So long as these uratic deposits remain, suffering is inevitable, and the only way to reach them is through the blood.

SIMPLE TREATMENT.

All that is required to reduce the most chronic uratic deposits to a harmless soluble state and dissolve and wash them from the system is a course of Bishop's Varalettes, a scientific combination of the most powerful solvents and eliminants of uric acid known, in the form of small, tasteless tablets which dissolve quickly in water, aerated water, whisky and soda, etc. Taken internally, they are quickly absorbed into the blood and carried into direct contact with the uric acid deposits which are thus exposed to the irresistible reducing action of the remedy and rendered soluble.

Transformed into this soluble condition by Bishop's Varalettes, uric acid is gradually washed out of the joints, muscles, and nerves, and eliminated through the kidneys. With its departure, pain and inflammation disappear, the muscles regain their elasticity and suppleness, swollen joints are reduced to normal size and flexibility, stiffness and lameness depart, and the system becomes once again free.

In Bishop's Varalettes the makers do not offer a "quack" nostrum for which miraculous powers to cure all complaints are claimed, but a known and well-tried remedy for rheumatic maladies. It is the remedy you need and the remedy you should take without delay if you are suffering from any form of rheumatism or gout.

So confident are we of the value of the Varalette treatment—based as it is on 30 years of success—that we will refund in full the 7s. paid for a 30 days' course of Bishop's Varalettes where the treatment has been faithfully followed, if no relief is obtained. We ask you just to return to us the wrapper from the 7s. bottle, and we will at once refund the money.

HOW DIETING HELPS.

Since an excess of uric acid may be introduced by the diet it follows that the avoidance of food and drink rich in uric acid is important. The question of individual needs is too long and complicated a subject to discuss here, but the whole matter is set out in authoritative form in a little booklet issued free by the makers of Bishop's Varalettes. In this booklet you will find a list of all the uric acid-forming foods and beverages which must be strictly avoided, together with a wide range of permissible foods, of which the richness and variety will perhaps surprise you.

This booklet corrects many fallacious opinions on the subject of diet, and should be in the possession of all who are subject to rheumatism, sciatica, neuritis, lumbago, gout, etc., as a reliable guide to health. A copy will be sent post free on application to the sole makers of Bishop's Varalettes, Alfred Bishop, Ltd., Manufacturing Chemists (est. 1857), 50, Spelman Street, London, E.1.

Bishop's Varalettes may be obtained of all chemists at 3s. and 7s., or post free from the makers as above.



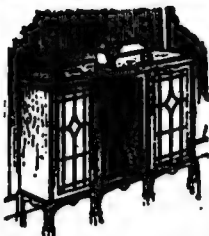
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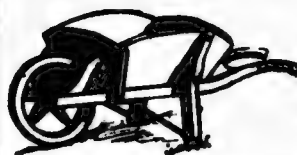
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The Practical Woodworker shows simply, clearly, fully, with the help of thousands of working drawings, how to do woodwork. It is as good as having a master-craftsman standing by telling you what to do.

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Words Winged to Women

THE WORLD-WIDE SMEAR

by MABEL HORNER

THE League of Nations has thrown down a challenge to men and women of decent instincts everywhere. Only those utterly indifferent to suffering will refuse to take it up and do their share to stop the vile traffic in women and children

THE report of the League of Nations on the ramifications of the white slave traffic is a grim and terrible document. It lifts the lid off the underworld and shows the rottenness of civilisation at its core.

For many months a committee of investigation, representative of many nations, has been enquiring into the awful facts. The members have not spared themselves in their determination to unearth the truth.

They are not able to give statistics, but enough information has been gathered together to prove that a very large traffic in women and children is going on. Many hundreds every year are transported from one country to another for the purposes of this vile trade.

That is the first thing to remember. This ghastly business is a trade that pays those who embark upon it very well. Huge profits can be made, but they do not reach the pitiful dupes who are lured into these underground hells.

A terrible traffic

The money is made by the ghoulish men and women who traffic in their human material, and speak of supply and demand, purchasers and vendors, sources of supply and vested interests, just as do those engaged in marketable wares of the most legitimate sort.

The problem of prostitution is no new one. In Christian countries attempts have repeatedly been made to suppress it, but without success.

For here is another fact to be clear about. It offers, through degradation and abuse of a God-given natural instinct, a means of livelihood which a certain number of women prefer. Other means of livelihood, when procurable, entail regular work, discipline and self-control.

But notice this. Prostitutes are almost exclusively drawn from the poorest

class. The life, for a time, offers an escape from constant toil. Other causes are love of excitement and dislike of constraint.

But no such reason lies behind the actual kidnapping of girls which the



Dr. W. F. Snow, Chairman of the League of Nations Committee on the White Slave Traffic

League of Nations has set itself to stop. Before the war very young girls could be got out of one country into another almost without question. The insistence of passports has stopped that gap, but not the ingenuity of the procurers.

They now use the contract, which represents the girl as going abroad to decent work in the café or music-hall or cabaret, and as the girl herself believes she is going to that glittering and exciting

form of employment at a good salary, there is little to be done at the ports.

The men and women who deal in girls themselves say, "All these girls are wild about the stage, movies, cabarets and anything that makes them think they are artists. They are of the kind that fall easily."

Once abroad the poor things are trapped; they are among strangers, lured into the vilest dens of infamy, and if they rebel and try to escape they are starved, and not infrequently thrashed into submission.

Face the causes!

But it is not impossible to try and stop the supply of victims, and that can only be done by frank facing of the causes that make girls so ready to listen to the glittering lures of strangers.

There is, of course, first and foremost, the difficulty of young people finding employment. Excessively laborious and ill-paid work that makes a girl ready for any sort of change and harsh treatment at home are also causes.

There are the promiscuous and indecent modes of living induced by overcrowding which wears away the innate sense of modesty, and the jumbling together of young people that brings them into contact with demoralised companions.

The bad example of luxury and loose living too often set by the rich, debased amusements and alcohol, all play their part, but the chief factor is economic.

When women fight for equal pay, clean housing, better education and the solving of unemployment, they are doing more to baulk the white slave traffic than any amount of indignation meetings clamouring for direct legislation.

And we must have youth taught. For there would be no supply if there was no demand. The awful traffic in human bodies will never end until we are brave enough to recognise and combat the uncleanness in human souls.



For Sparkling Eyes and Rosy Cheeks

Give the children hot Quaker Oats for breakfast. Quaker contains all those important food elements that growing children need for sparkling eyes and rosy cheeks—the signs of perfect health.

Children love the delicious flavour of Quaker Oats.

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The vitamins are there too—they are of vital importance for growing children.

Quaker keeps down the house bills. Penny for penny and pound for pound, there is more real nourishment in Quaker Oats than in any other food.

Quaker
TWO KINDS NOW
Quick and Quaker
Quaker and Oats

Your Grocer has both kinds—choose the one that suits you best

Q67

Tommy Stitch-in-Time

by MISS CATHERINE FULFORD

WE hear much of Poor Law reform to-day, and those who have the welfare of Poor Law children at heart are concerned as to their future.

A brief consideration of one important aspect of the work for these children is here submitted—namely, modern methods for placing out Poor Law children in work.

The majority of children in receipt of relief to-day receive it in their own homes and are living with their parents, but on January 1, 1926, 42,751 healthy children were being cared for by the guardians in institutions and 10,464 children were boarded out.

It must be remembered that many of these children are entirely friendless, are orphans, or have had to be adopted by the guardians.

They may have been brought up for years under one of the various forms of care provided for them under the Poor Law, such as district schools, training-ships, boarding out, cottage homes, scattered homes, receiving homes, and special homes.

FROM having had the previous care of the children the guardians have had good opportunities of knowing the characters, capabilities, tastes and difficulties

of the individual children, which is all important in starting them in life.

The guardians have special officers, both men and women, for dealing with the children, who find suitable places for them, but no child is ever placed out without all the conditions of the employment being previously submitted to and approved of by the guardians.

GREAT efforts are made to protect the children from blind-alley occupations. Just as parents frequently make sacrifices for the future of their children, the guardians sometimes subsidise a child when the initial wage does not make it self-supporting if it is learning a trade and if it is to be for its ultimate good.

The difficulty of having no homes, in many cases of boys, is got over by placing them to live in working-boys homes, where they receive excellent supervision and care. The non-existence of such homes for the girls to the same extent results in their generally being placed in domestic service, though this is not pressed if they have other capabilities.

Once placed out every child is notified to an after-care association, which reports regularly to the guardians until the children are eighteen, and fresh efforts are

made to help them again if the first attempt is unsuccessful.

Emigration forms another link in the vast machinery brought into operation for children under the Poor Law, and guardians are empowered to send orphan or deserted children overseas, but only with the express consent of the child given before a magistrate and subject to the consent of the Ministry of Health.

There can be no compensation for loss of parents and a good home, but the guardians set before themselves a high ideal in the matter of the children and a happy feature of the work consists in the maintenance of personal relations between themselves and their children, often continuing many years.

ANY loss of individual care of the children and of personal interest in them must be guarded against in the reform of the Poor Law.

Improved social conditions may, some day, diminish the numbers of the children requiring the care of the State, but in view of the weaknesses of human nature and the chances and misfortunes of life, more than this can hardly be hoped for.

If changes are to come the great importance of securing real reform for the children must not be overlooked.

"For the Blood is the Life."



A Snapshot of

Miss E.A. West

who writes:

"I was suffering from a very bad attack of Blood Poisoning and Eczema in my feet and hand. My feet became so bad that I could not walk, but now, after taking Clarke's Blood Mixture for some time, I can walk again (recently I walked 2½ miles). I am quite proud of my recovery, thanks to your Clarke's Blood Mixture, and shall always recommend it. I have already recommended it to one man for Rheumatism, and he tells me it has done him good."—
(Signed) Miss E. A. West, Silt Road, Wisbech, Cambridgeshire.

Clarke's Blood Mixture

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Other sufferers will find Clarke's Blood Mixture just as good for Abscesses, Ulcers, Bad Legs, Inflamed Wounds, Swollen Glands, Hemorrhoids, also Rheumatism and Gout, all of which are sure signs of Blood impurities.

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Human Documents

Passion's Wreckage

Risky Infatuation—An Impossible Return—Blasted Hopes

PROBLEMS that may be yours are dealt with by "Humanist." The names and addresses of all correspondents are suppressed so that the writers may not be identified. Letters that are too intimate or are not sufficiently general to be helpful to others are answered by post. All correspondents must send stamped, addressed envelopes. Ten shillings is being sent to each of the writers of the first four letters printed.

A FEW years ago my sister fell in love with a young man and accepted his proposal of marriage. To all outward appearances, they were a charming young couple who adored each other. The banns were called, but the marriage was postponed on the young man's plea of youth and lack of means.

"Twelve months later, preparations were again made for the wedding, but again the young man drew back.

"We have since discovered that while he was telling my sister that he was waiting for an improvement in his material prospects, he had become associated with another girl and was carrying on a double courtship unknown to either.

"Matters reached a climax when my sister, who had blindly trusted her unworthy lover, found herself about to become a mother.

"Even when she was in that condition, he showed no inclination to hasten the marriage, and it was then that his liaison with the other girl came to light.

"This was too much for my sister. She had never ailed before, but she began to fret terribly, and there were already signs of mental derangement when her child was born.

"She was placed in a home at my father's expense where it was hoped that careful nursing and kindness would restore her, but the treatment proved ineffectual and for some time now she has been in a mental hospital.

"I visited her last week and found her quite unaware of her real position. She imagines she is still in the hospital where her baby was born, and speaks hopefully of coming home again as soon as she is better.

"The doctors, however, say it is doubtful whether she will ever recover sufficiently to be removed.

"In the meantime, the man responsible for the tragedy is continuing his courtship of the other girl.

"Do you not think, although I have never met her, I should tell her my sister's sad story and warn her against the man who has wrecked her life?"

"HUMANIST" says: *The girl should certainly be told, but there should be no need for you to do the telling. Your father should take action against his daughter's seducer, so that not only the girl that he is courting, but any other girl, may be forewarned and possibly saved from becoming another piece of the wreckage of his passion.*

SOON after I married I realised that what I had mistaken for love was nothing more than a friendly disposition. Our courtship had been a prosaic one, and at times I felt there was something lacking, but I had no parents to whom I could appeal for guidance.

Unfaithful in Heart

"Many times since marriage I have bitterly asked the question why friends and acquaintances should constitute themselves matchmakers and tell young people they are suited to each other.

"Our married life has been one of tolerance, without either warmth of affection or violent quarrels. It might have been more bearable but for the fact that my wife is unable to bear children.

"About two years ago, I met the woman whom I ought to have married. She did not know until recently of my feelings towards her, for although I loved her

from almost our first meeting, I tried to act squarely and I have never concealed from her that I am a married man.

"But what a revelation my feelings have been to me. I have realised now what love really is, how beautiful, how uplifting! The realisation, however, leaves me more depressed and dissatisfied with my married condition, and I feel I cannot continue such a barren existence.

"Yet must I or my wife commit an act of infidelity in order that I may enjoy to the full the love that has entered my life?"

"HUMANIST" says: *If the wish is father to the thought you appear to have been unfaithful in heart already. Love that leads to wrong doing can never be beautiful and uplifting, for it resolves itself into selfishness and self-gratification. Mutual respect is a sounder basis for marital happiness than passionate infatuation, and you should devote yourself to your wife and not allow your thoughts to stray into forbidden regions.*

WHILE on active service in France, my wife left our home and went to live with another man, taking our children with her.

I obtained special leave and traced her. She refused to return to me, so I was granted the custody of the children and I placed them in my mother's care.

"My mother died soon after I was demobilised and I had to engage a woman to look after the little ones.

"It meant a big sacrifice for me as my wages were poor and I had to give up my beer and tobacco and amusements in order to pay the woman so that the kiddies might be brought up decently.

"The woman who looked after my children has now married again and I have been trying to find someone to take her place.

"In the meantime, I have heard from my wife, who seems to have been cast aside by the man for whom she left me and she says she is willing to come back to me just as a working housekeeper.

"I hope I am not cynical, but I wonder if her offer is just the thin edge of the wedge for me to take her back altogether. That I feel would be impossible.

"After ten years of struggle and sacrifice through my wife's infidelity, I have no heart-room for her as a wife. What do you suggest?"

"HUMANIST" says: *If there is no room in your heart for your wife, it is no use offering her room in your home. I don't know how you have explained her absence all these years to your children, but it would be difficult to explain her return in any way which would ensure their respect. A woman who makes herself a bed of infamy must expect in the end to find it hard to lie upon.*

The Postman's Knock

YOU hear the tramp of the postman's feet every morning and you rush to the door hoping he will bring good news. Hundreds tramp all day many more miles than a postman, but return without hope. A shilling sent to "The Greatest of These"—Fund may help a poor man to obtain an offer of employment. (See page 38.)

MY husband went to America fifteen years ago leaving me with four young children. He promised to send for us all as soon as he got settled, but as time went on he kept making excuses.

The Empty Years

"For years I waited and worked patiently to support my little ones. I thought that at least the empty years were over when he took out naturalisation papers in the United States and in doing so declared that he intended us to join him.

"I was, however, doomed to disappointment. The empty years have gone on, and since my husband became naturalised as an American citizen, he has not again mentioned the matter of our rejoining him.

"Last year the money he sent me averaged only a few shillings a week, and this year I have not, so far, received a penny.

"Is it not possible for me to obtain a maintenance order against him in England? Surely, the law of the land can force a man to carry out his obligations to his wife!

"I have passed my best years working to bring up his children, but they are not able to help me very much."

"HUMANIST" says: *I know of no means whereby an English maintenance order can be enforced in the United States, but your husband having become a naturalised American citizen, your nationality presumably follows his, and you should explain your difficulty to the American Consul-General at 18, Cavendish Square, London, W.1.*

A Mother's Heartache

"I am married to a man who knows that I had a little girl born illegitimately before he met me and we have a baby boy of our own. I do so want my little girl at home, but my husband will not hear of it and says he will not keep another man's child."

"Humanist" says: *Your husband should realise that he cannot be happy while you are miserable with your mother-heart aching for your child. Ask him how he would feel if his boy baby were kidnapped and get him to see the other child.*

Atonement

"I am in a good job and often have to deal with petty pilfering on the part of my subordinates. Unknown to my employers, I was sacked from a previous job for a like offence and I feel a cad in reporting the offenders. How would you deal with them?"

"Humanist" says: *Your first duty is to safeguard your employers' interests, but if the lads are worthy offer them the same opportunity of making good as you were given yourself. It is better to place a boy on his honour than to introduce him to a police-court.*

An Erring Brother

"My father has accused me of taking money from the till, and believes me guilty. As a matter of fact, my younger brother is the culprit, but I do not like to give him away as he is weak-willed and would probably go altogether to the bad."

"Humanist" says: *Urge him to confess and plead with your father to forgive him. Covering up your brother's wrong-doing is really unjust to him as well as to your father and yourself and it leaves him with the burden of a guilty conscience.*

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In one week in January, 326 people in this country died from flu; in the next, 470; in the next 725! Flu germs enter the system through the nose and mouth. Regular spraying with Glyco-Thymoline keeps the mucous membrane clean and healthy, and tends to prevent the germs of flu and other diseases gaining a foothold in the body. At all chemists, 1/10, 3/8, 7/6.

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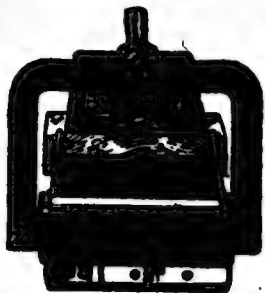
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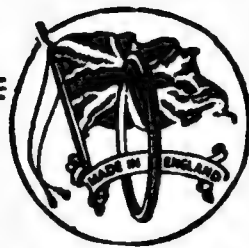
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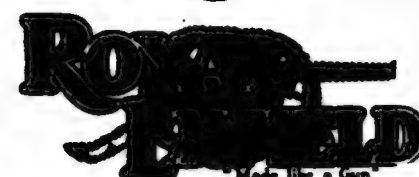
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Our Letter Parliament

The Rusty Rivet

The Biggest Swindle—Trading in Murder—Starvation Wages

THE Rev. Frank Jennings, in his "Confession" in JOHN BULL of March 19, is too sweeping in his condemnation of the Church of England clergy's attitude towards divorce reform. If a ballot were taken he would find that more than 50 per cent., including some well-to-do sheltered superiors, were in favour of reform. Furthermore, he states that he is his own judge and jury, yet is forced to marry any Dick and Eliza who come along; but there is no good citizen in England who would condemn him for refusing to join the sexual pervert and the young girl that he quotes. Reform marriage and then divorce will be a minor detail.—C. of E., Southsea.

Iniquitous Marriage

The Rev. Frank Jennings has a good case. The only indissoluble union is that which "God has made," and since God is "of purer eyes than to behold iniquity," He is hardly likely to condone an iniquitous marriage. The motive is the essence, and if the motive is impure and this God alone knows, there really is no marriage, so that divorce becomes mere formality.—London Scot.

Parson and Judge

Surely Mr. Jennings will agree that in every religious denomination there must be some standard of morality strictly enforced. Does he suggest that the parson should be the judge also, and that he should be allowed to say who are fit for the Church's blessing and who are not? The remedy is not to be found in that direction, but in an enlightened public opinion regarding divorce.—M. B. F., Sunderland.

A Crucial Choice

There is one point which your contributor did not touch upon—namely, the course of action which a wife whose husband has proved unfaithful to her, though maintaining her in comfort and never ill-treating her, should pursue. A wife can obtain a divorce from a husband for a single act of immorality, but is it advisable for her to do so? Might not be that the wife would be worse off separated from her erring partner than tied to him?—J. M., Scotland.

Innocent Guilt

There is one point on which I disagree with the Rev. Frank L. Jennings, and that is in his objection to the remarriage of the guilty party. In the present state of the law it often happens that one partner of the marriage has to be guilty in order to end an intolerable burden. The so-called guilt is often an unavoidable manoeuvre and not necessarily sinful.—L. M., Bucks.

The Real Union

Where two people marry and afterwards discover that they have made a hasty mistake, it should be made easy for them to dissolve partnership, nor should any moral stigma attach to either as a result of such a dissolution. It is the happy marriage, the real soul-union, that we must look for the propagation of a highly moral, intellectual and spiritual nation.—J. W. H., Notts.

Convenient Marriage

The Rev. Frank L. Jennings obviously ignores the words, "Whom God hath joined together let no man put asunder," and would regard marriage as a "convenient" institution. If, for any reason, a person be permitted to marry again during the lifetime of the other, what is the significance of the solemn vow, "For better, for worse, till death us do part, etc."?—P. N. D., Bangor.

Brief to-the-point letters not exceeding 100 words are invited. 5s. is paid for each letter published. Name and address essential, not necessarily for publication. Envelopes must be marked "Letter Parliament."

A Father's Fellow-feeling

Your account of the tragedy of little Reggie Ford, sent to an industrial school for eight years, brings tears to my eyes. Can we as a nation allow such to happen? I am the father of five kiddies myself, and I can understand the feelings of Reggie's father. Surely the Home Secretary won't require any "urging" to send the child back to his parents when he reads the facts of the case.—F. C., Tue Brook.

The Great Ramp

Mr. E. Roffe Thompson's assault upon the firmly entrenched assurance companies will surely bring good results before long. It is a job for Parliament, but one expects little of value from that quarter nowadays. The pity is that the Party of the "masses" will not take up the cudgels. I have written asking the reason why this matter is ignored, but my letter met the same fate as the whole question.—"Edicko," Sneyton Dale.

Soulless Gold-diggers

Mr. A. G. Gardiner's revelation that 400,000 rifles are being hawked about the world by conscienceless financiers is only another illustration that money interests are inciting to mass murder. Surely the nations can devise some scheme to prohibit this traffic in arms? One needs a licence to carry a revolver for self-protection, but a group of soulless "gold-diggers" may unload a cargo of weapons on whomsoever will pay for them without any apparent restrictions.—W. L., London.

The Terrible Traffic

The daily Press speaks of the "startling discoveries in white slave traffic." Thousands who read it know that JOHN BULL has hammered the facts home for a long time, besides giving the authorities useful evidence. It is gratifying to know that the League is taking up this very serious matter and proves once more that "What JOHN BULL says to-day, England does to-morrow."—R. T., Wigan.

Printers' Pie

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published. Mark envelopes "Pie.")

"EDINBURGH EVENING DISPATCH":—"It was ALL used, and the REMAINDER wrapped in a scrap of paper, placed in the bottom cupboard of a dresser and forgotten."

"WESTERN GAZETTE":—"Colonel Ashley will be handed a gold KEY with which to cut the ribbons at the entrance."

"LABOUR VOICE" (Swansea):—"Owing to the fact that this drama takes over three YEARS to perform, the company have decided to commence at 6.45 p.m. prompt."

"BEDLINGTON PARISH MAGAZINE":—"Children's Services in Parish Church at 6 p.m. every THURSDAY except Ash WEDNESDAY."

Numbers for the Culcutta Sweep

If you wish to know how numbers are obtained get the "JOHN BULL Racing Annual"—Price 3d.

Wild-cat Schemes

Despite the fact that every week JOHN BULL publishes accounts of company scandals, these shady transactions are still carried on. Every reader should write to his local M.P. pointing out the serious nature and the increasing tendency of such cases. The public are easily gulled by such money-snatching jugglers. It is time that these shady financiers should be forced to abandon their wild-cat schemes.—G. T., Walsall.

Britons First

French or foreign firms established in France who wish to employ a worker who is not of French nationality, must now get permission from the French Ministry of Labour. I wonder how many there are of nationalities other than our own who are recipients of unemployment benefit, and—thereby swell the vast number of British out-of-works.—E. W. P., Portsmouth.

Robbing the State

The Ministry of Health has appointed assessors to see that dentists give value for money. May I suggest valuers to watch the opticians? A poor man will go for eyeglasses and a sum will be mentioned as an approximate price. When it is known that the State is to pay on goes extra money.—I. N., Birmingham.

A Deadly Danger

I read that 240 tubes of a deadly drug disappeared from a lorry while in transit to a hospital. Tubes of dangerous poison are sent, it appears, from laboratory to dispensary by a van in charge of one man, who has other goods to deliver on the way. Surely these poisons should have special conduct, as explosives and other dangerous goods.—E. H. G., Norwood.

A Parent's Thanks

I tender you my heartfelt thanks for the publication of my case of injustice (concerning my child Naomi and the Bootle Education Committee), in JOHN BULL of March 19. Thank goodness there is such a paper through which an injustice can be duly exposed.—W. Seddon, Bootle.

Scrapping the Sailor

When a man in the Royal Navy wishes to purchase his discharge, he must show proof that he has employment waiting for him. But should he become medically unfit whilst in the Service, and have to be discharged, is any interest shown regarding his future employment? No! Out he goes to take the soul-killing "dole" or starve.—M. W. G., Dunoon.

A Pacifist Village

The village of Hershaw in Surrey makes the proud boast that it is the most pacifist village in the British Isles. Out of a population of 5,000, over 1,000 have signed the peace letter to the Prime Minister, stating that they will refuse to support any Government which resorts to arms. This remarkable total means that more than half the adult population have signed the letter.—T. C. F., London.

A Wicked Wage

Need one wonder at the number of girls walking the streets for a living when one learns the wages offered them in shops and factories? One of our leading Scottish bakeries recently advertised for girl icers. On asking the wage they learned that the handsome sum of 18s., minus insurance and tram fares, was offered. "Fourteen shillings a week for a girl to live on and remain decent!"—B. M., Glasgow.

Danger!

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Second Pools, Singles and the Double Event close April 9.

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THE TOTALISATOR, St. Andrew Square, EDINBURGH.

FIRST ROUND: HONOURS EVEN

Backers Make a Good Start: Now for Round Two

MY nap selection for the Lincoln, Asterus, dead-headed for third place with my first tip for the race, the 33 to 1 shot, Melon. I hoped for better results, but the favourite could not give the weight away. Asterus ran a good horse. He is staying in England, and will win races. Our money is only lent.

FOR the past two or three years Lincoln has been the graveyard of backers' hopes. One after another the favourites have been idols with feet of clay. 1927 opened with brighter prospects.

ON the opening days a number of 100 to 8 shots popped up as usual, but the layers did not have matters all their own way. The first round was in favour of backers. Every winner with the exception of Simon the Beggar was well-backed.

I DO not think the pencilers were too satisfied with the result of the big race. Priory Park ran practically untipped, but there was plenty of money for Mr. J. B. Jool's horse, and Orbindos—each way—was very heavily supported.

ORBINDOS will most likely start a hot favourite for this week's big race, the Newbury Spring Cup, but the event is another trappy handicap, and I intend to use the code for my final selection. I shall not be at all surprised if Frank Butters wins his second big event for Lord Derby with Colorado.



Gwilt, the trainer of Orbindos

A PUNTER who specialises in two-year-old races has requested a list of youngsters which were noted on to Carlholme. The first to be entered in the note-book is La Gorgue colt, a son of the Derby winner, Grand Parade. Sir Abe Bailey's youngster ran a fine race in the Brocklesby Stakes. The only other I can suggest is Tempting, one of the dead-headers in the same race. He appeared to be beaten close home, but came again, and got up on the post.

ALGUAZIL, the stable companion of Asterus, is also to stay in this country. He must not be judged on his Lincoln failure, for in addition to being far from at his best he had bad luck in the race, and in due course can be backed with confidence for a nice handicap of about a mile and a half. His form in France is good enough for the class of race in which he is being entered.

WILL this be another Hurry On year? Is one of the posers in my letter-bag. The query has me beaten. The famous stallion came into his own last season when he jumped from tenth position in 1925 to first place in the list of winning sires. His sons and daughters captured stakes to the value of nearly £60,000.

THERE are several Hurry On horses still left in the Derby, and most of the ante-post layers have made two of them first and second favourites. Call Boy is on offer at sixes and Applecross, Beckhampton's best, stands at 8 to 1. Personally, I do not fancy either for the Classic race. If I had a number in the Calcutta Sweepstake I should like to

draw Bold Archer, the horse which "Steve" says he has not been engaged to ride.

LORD WOOLAVINGTON gave only a few hundreds for Hurry On as a yearling, and, in fact, purchased a goldmine. He won the substitute St. Leger of 1916, and was never beaten. I was

SILVER RING'S

Code Selections for the jumping season to the opening of the Flat showed a profit of

33 POINTS

Amongst others he sent out
DOWSER .. 100/7
WHITE MOUNTAIN 100/8
ROYAL WILTS .. 10/1
ITALIAN SUMMER 8/1
SCOTCH EAGLE .. 7/1
ORANGE BILL .. 6/1

Follow the two-a-day for the new campaign.

told recently that the joint earnings at the stud of Hurry On and his son Captain Cuttle are in the neighbourhood of £40,000 a year. When his second Derby-winning son, Coronach, retires at the end of this season the figure should reach £50,000.

MY French correspondent tells me that Biribi is to be trained for the Prix du Cadran, the French race that takes place shortly before Ascot, and is over the full distance of the Gold Cup. This is one of the best public trials for the Ascot race, and the trainer of Biribi is confident that he can have his horse fit for the French race and keep him fit until he meets his engagement at Ascot.

I HAVE already mentioned Start II, and Esclarmonde as French hopes for our Classic races, but I can add that there will be other candidates, because the French think the class of the home-bred animals is not up to standard this year, and therefore French hopes of winning at least one of the coveted prizes are high. Mr. Macomber has entries in each race, as has Capt. Cohn, to name only two of many French owners who have designs on these races.

I HEARD a delightful story of a well-known labour man who attended a certain race-meeting—no names, no pack

drill. He is rather partial to the horses and was asked when he was going to become an owner. His reply was: "Wouldn't I like to. But wouldn't they howl!"

SCHIAVONI, my tip in last week's JOHN BULL for the Liverpool Cup, popped up at the nice price of 8 to 1. This Swynford colt is a full brother to Tranquil, and, if anything, is more massive than the Oaks and St. Leger winner of 1923. Like most Swynford horses he has matured late. Follow him throughout the season.

THE Chancellor of the Exchequer must have realised by now that the bets-tax has proved a ghastly failure. Mr. Churchill estimated that from November 1 to the end of March he would receive £1,500,000. November to February, inclusive, yielded £640,700, of which £171,000 was duty on certificates issued to bookmakers. What a farce!

I HAVE heard that "The JOHN BULL Racing Annual" is selling exceptionally well. Some possible purchasers have picked it up and refused to buy a copy because it does not contain last year's racing fully indexed. This, by the way, occupies about 1,000 pages in the three-shilling edition of *Racing Up-to-Date*. "The JOHN BULL Annual" costs 3d. It is particularly useful to anyone who is paying the tax, as it contains a comprehensive ready-reckoner with and without tax deductions. The prices covered range from 11/8 on and against to 100/6, with amounts of 1s. to £1.

"SILVER RING."

Two coded selections will be given daily in the following papers:—

Sporting Life and Sportsman, Chronicle Mid-day, Sporting Post, Western Mail, Glasgow Noon Record, Irish Independent, Sporting Man, The Sheffield Mail, Leeds Mid-day Sporting Special, Birmingham Mail.

W P V E G O 3 C S M I N U D

K T R X Z B L Q F 2 A Y H J

How to read the code: In place of the letters or figures advertised in the daily papers read those above or below the line as the case may be. TVABVNTIVW would read PRIORY PARK.

The code will be changed in next week's JOHN BULL. It covers the racing from Wednesday, March 30, to Tuesday, April 5.

"Soccer" Selections

WEEK-END COUPS

6 HOME.—Bolton, Burnley, Newcastle, Middlesbrough, Notts County, Halifax.

5 HOME.—Newcastle, Chelsea, Middlesbrough, Preston, Halifax.

4 HOME.—Burnley, Chelsea, Swindon, Motherwell.

3 AWAY.—Leicester, Portsmouth, Nelson.

3 DRAWS.—Arsenal v. Huddersfield, South Shields v. Notts Forest, Stockport v. Bradford.

3 HOME, 2 AWAY.—Newcastle, Middlesbrough, Halifax, Blackburn, Nelson.

1 HOME, 1 AWAY, 1 DRAW.—Chelsea, Newport, Durham v. Wigan.

SPECIAL 5 HOME (LEAGUE I. & II.).—Bolton, Burnley, Newcastle, Middlesbrough, Notts County.

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of the latest

RACING INFORMATION

Read

THE SPORTING LIFE

2d. — Daily — 2d.

FORECASTS FOR APRIL 9

THE LEAGUE.—DIVISION I.

HOME WINNERS.—Blackburn, Bury, Everton, Huddersfield, Leicester, Sunderland, Tottenham, West Bromwich West Ham.

AWAY WINNER.—Newcastle.

DRAW.—Wednesday v. Aston Villa.

THE LEAGUE.—DIVISION II.

HOME WINNERS.—Barnsley, Blackpool, Grimsby, Oldham, Portsmouth, Reading, Swansea.

AWAY WINNER.—Middlesbrough.

DRAWS.—Darlington v. Wolverhampton, Manchester C. v. Hull, Notts Forest v. Preston.

THE LEAGUE.—DIVISION III. (Northern)

HOME WINNERS.—Bradford, Chesterfield, Doncaster, Nelson, Stoke, Walsall, Wigan.

AWAY WINNERS.—Barrow, Halifax, Rochdale.

DRAW.—Wrexham v. Lincoln.

THE LEAGUE.—DIVISION III. (Southern)

HOME WINNERS.—Aberdare, Bournemouth, Bristol C., Coventry, Crystal Palace, Newport, Plymouth, Watford.

AWAY WINNER.—Swindon.

DRAWS.—Charlton v. Norwich, Queen's Park Rangers v. Luton.

THE SCOTTISH LEAGUE.

HOME WINNERS.—Airdrie, Hamilton, Morton, St. Johnstone, St. Mirren.

AWAY WINNERS.—Celtic, Glasgow Rangers.

DRAWS.—Cowdenbeath v. Queen's Park, Hibs. v. Falkirk, Partick v. Motherwell.

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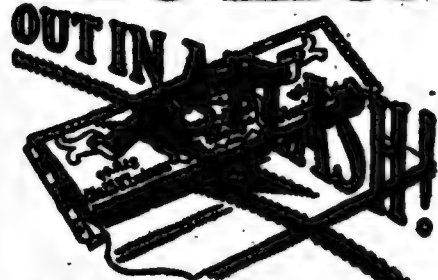
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(The original letter together with other testimonials can be seen in our offices.)
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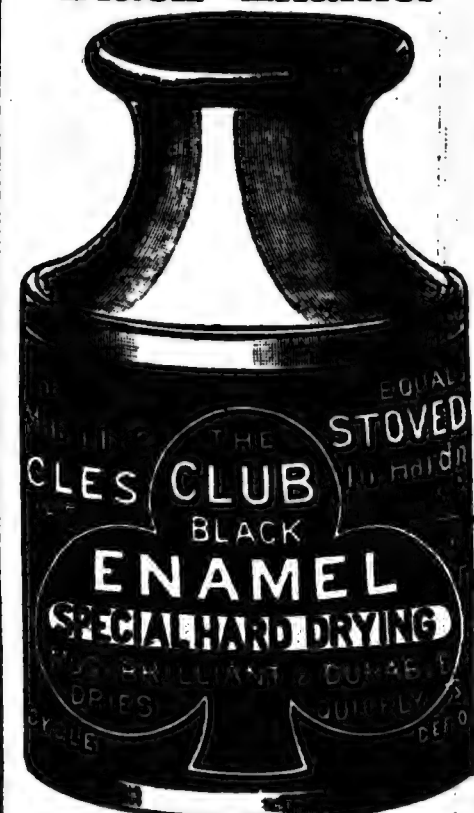
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Constipation, Sleeplessness	"
Rheumatism, Gout, Neuritis	Quickly.
Anemia, Skin Blemishes	"

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YOU CAN HAVE YOUNG BLOOD

MAKES OLD FOLK YOUNG AND WEAK FOLK STRONG.

If you look and feel old, weak, and nervous and discouraged; if you are lacking in the vim, courage and energy that you used to have, it's almost certain you have old blood—blood that is lacking in oxygen-carrying red cells; and that your nerves are also run down. What you need to make you look and feel young, strong and vigorous is more red cells in your blood and stronger nerves. For this purpose, one of the finest things known is to take a tablet of Blood-Iron Phosphate with each meal. This supplies just the right kind of red-cell-making iron and nerve-building phosphate to soon make you feel fine and strong. Go to-day to any good chemist's and get a package of Blood-Iron Phosphate; it costs only 3s.; take it regularly, and you'll be simply amazed at the results. Try it and see. Your money back if you don't feel years younger and worlds better in a fortnight!

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Mention any ailments and give FULL DETAILS of all foods and drinks at each meal.

Write name and address in CAPITALS, and enclose 1½d. stamp for postage.

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JOHN BULL Replies



THE Editor may be flippant on this page, but his humour is kindly and never malicious. He likes to end up the week's work on a bright note. Serious questions are dealt with by the expert staff of our Free Advice Service.

T. H. D. (Dudley).—"It is wise to stoop to conquer." We bow to concur.

N. S. K. (Dartford).—"What is conscience?" The little voice that tells you you might get caught.

S. E. F. (Chester).—"The girls of to-day haven't a leg to stand on." It is evident that you are blind.

R. S. A. (Eccles).—"There are two Englishmen I admire exceedingly." Who's the other?

R. G. (Exeter).—"I am a doctor, and haven't an enemy in this world." Have you any in the next?

T. E. (St. Albans).—"Enough is as good as a feast." And enough is generally more than one has.

D. R. (Hastings).—"I lost my job as a caddy." You should learn when not to laugh.

O. F. M. (Brighton).—"The tramp's story had a hollow ring." Perhaps his stomach was empty.

P. F. L. (Newport).—"Soon I shall be lying with my fathers." And beating them at the game.

Miss S. E. (Chichester).—"Is it a sin to think you're pretty?" No, but it might be a mistake.

R. C. F. (Sittingbourne).—"Do you drink intoxicants?" Is that an invitation or an enquiry?

R. J. S. (Sheet).—"Only fools are cocksure of anything." And you are cocksure of that.

T. E. P. (Wigan).—"He says he will raise my rent." Kind of him if you can't.

R. D. (Oldham).—"He fell overboard and was drowned." What did you expect him to do—sprain his ankle?

M. G. (Winchester).—"We must learn to make the most of life." But when we have learned most of it has gone.

G. N. (London, S.W.).—"The earth is round." Copyright in all countries strictly reserved.

Mrs. J. (Dorney Common).—"Very few women can stand prosperity." Especially when it's the other woman's.

M. T. (Towcester).—"Vegetarian dinners are very unsatisfying." We had one once, and have been satisfied ever since.

W. S. (Grimsby).—"I am always cool and collected in traffic." That's better than being hot and bothered—and collected.

S. M. (Taunton).—"I am a man of robust common-sense, and would like to enter Parliament." Your qualification is a fatal bar.

Mrs. G. (Chelmsford).—"In my young days, girls used to practise self-denial during Lent." But some of them have their fast times even now.

M. L. (Edgeworth).—"I try to remember there are two sides to every question." And much depends on which you choose, as the fly said to the flypaper.

H. F. (Westminster).—"I don't believe Winston means to reduce the whisky tax." Anyway, we shall be surprised if his Budget doesn't do something to lower our spirits.

C. S. H. (Walthamstow).—"Every car has a crank." And some cranks have a car.

W. H. (Paisley).—"Give me a book, a pipe, a friend." And just a little cash to spend!

W. I. S. (Yarm).—"I asked the nurse if it was a him or a her." Did she say it was a them?

L. C. (Brixton).—"I suffer from insomnia." Get on good terms with your conscience.

M. C. (Sheffield).—"I've got a job at last that should hold water." What is it, milk selling?

E. S. G. (Ingleton).—"My wife burns every cake she makes." And then they say woman's work is never done!

N. P. (Watford).—"How can I keep the May frosts from plants?" Plant them in June.

R. R. E. (Staines).—"In the traffic I always take a chance." Then one day you'll take an ambulance.

Mrs. E. (Ealing).—"I tell my young people to get on by all means." But surely not by any means?

F. W. (Potters Bar).—"Can't you give me your candid opinion?" We could, but the printers wouldn't print it.

Mrs. F. (Brentwood).—"I recommend women to wear garter purses for safety." But why flaunt money in plain sight?

Mrs. T. (Bradford).—"She simply egged my son on to matrimony." May the yolk sit easy on him!

GEORGE (Luton).—"I want the girl I marry to know as much as I do." You are very modest in your wants.

J. D. (Portsmouth).—"The secret of life is to be interested in your work." Plus a thousand other things as well.

K. V. (Petersham).—"I may not get on very well, but I am always trying." Perhaps that's the reason.

F. H. (Whitehaven).—"I want my engagement ring back." You aim to kill another bird with the same stone?

T. A. D. (Cambridge).—"My wife's dressmaker will make no more dresses till her account is paid." Write and thank her.

M. B. C. (Daisyfield).—"One should never be rude to one's elders." All the same we were very rude to the story you sent us.

E. K. P. (Morecambe).—"I would like to contribute a little to the world's orchestra." Is that why you wear a face as long as a fiddle?

G. P. C. (Sydenham).—"It must take some nerve to conduct an orchestra." Yes, you've no doubt noticed how the conductor always faces the music.

M. J. (Worcester).—"My little son got caned at his boarding-school for helping himself from another boy's jampot." He must be taught that it's wrong to poach on his neighbour's preserves.

A PEACEFUL mind is much to be desired. When any difficulty arises that prevents peace of mind, send details, written in ink, with stamped, addressed envelope, to JOHN BULL'S Free Advice Service. Experts will prescribe for your trouble and it will be cured.

F. B. (Ormskirk).—"I have nerves of iron." And a face of brass?

C. A. (Crawley).—"Did you read the article I sent you?" Not half!

B. N. (Kew).—"Where was Magna Charta signed?" Underneath it.

G. L. (Oldham).—"I often wonder how you like children?" At school or asleep.

Mrs. B. (Queenborough).—"The way their baby screams is a scandal." Hush it up.

G. N. (Taplow).—"Our cook is very good at sauce." Most of them are like that.

L. N. (Eaton).—"I can't stop work." Then we suppose the thing has got to go on.

NELLIE (Ringwood).—"He actually managed to kiss my chin." What a low-down trick!

G. G. (Otterburn).—"Can two live as cheaply as one?" Not before marriage, but afterwards they have to.

K. B. (Derby).—"I've got ten men under me at my new job." Working upstairs, we suppose.

"FED UP" (Willesden).—"Income-tax is a savage impost." In which case Winston is a savage impostor.

B. W. (Marlow).—"There's only one thing prevents me marrying this girl." The girl, of course.

JESSICA (Ware).—"He asked me tenderly if I was in pain." And did you tell him the pain was in you?

Mrs. F. (Liverpool).—"You rarely see stout people guilty of crime." They naturally find it difficult to stoop to anything low.

BACHELOR (Newport).—"If I win a Bullets Gift I shall choose the Loud Speaker." If you win the Bullets £250 you can afford to marry one.

L. P. (Staines).—"He wants to go on the stage although he can't act, sing or dance." Musical comedy is his only hope.

H. N. (St. Albans).—"My husband never answers my questions." He probably knows you would question his answers.

F. B. (London, N.).—"It's no good trying to interrupt the flow of my wife's talk." We suppose you dam it mentally, though.

H. R. (Dumfries).—"When I was taken ill my dear wife had an immediate consultation with a specialist." Doctor or dressmaker?

M. D. N. (Walsall).—"I am a professor of ju-jitsu." We have added your name to the list of those who are not to be admitted to the editorial sanctum.

MABEL H. (Streatham).—"I thought that when we became engaged he would help some needy relations of mine." He evidently didn't propose to do that.

"MUSICAL" (Enfield).—"The other night I heard a fine singer whose highest note was C sharp." We heard one lately whose highest note was d—flat.

(Many replies unavoidably held over.)

JOHN BULL TRIALS OF MIDDLE AGE.

What Some Women Have to Endure.

Every woman approaches middle-age with considerable anxiety because she knows this is the time of her life when trivial ailments may be the first signs of serious trials and sufferings to come. Hence she fears for the future and has melancholy forebodings which are increased when she is attacked by headaches, backaches, lassitude, and other distressing weaknesses.

How needless is much of the anxiety and suffering that assail the woman approaching middle-age! This has been proved by thousands of happy virile women who have relied at this time on the health-help given by Dr. Williams' pink pills. Because of their direct action on the blood, Dr. Williams' pink pills strengthen the nerves and banish depression; they invigorate the system and dispel backaches. In a word, they carry a woman through the trials of middle-age in a most wonderful way.

So take advantage now of the health-help of Dr. Williams' pink pills. All chemists sell them, 3s. 6d. box.

FREE—"Nature's Warnings" is a booklet that all women of middle age should read. Write to C.E. Dept., 36, Fitzroy Square, London, for free copy.

100,000 RUGS GIVEN AWAY

This phenomenal offer is made to the readers of "John Bull." On receipt of P.O. for (Carriage 1/- extra) we will forward direct from our Looms to your address one of our "Fountain" Carpets.

REAL SEAMLESS WOVEN CARPETS

(Guaranteed Genuine Rugs.) Suitable for Drawing Room, Dining Room, Bedroom, etc., handsomely bordered in thirty Turkey patterns and fashionable shades of Crimson, Green, Blue and Art Colourings to suit all requirements and large enough to cover any ordinary-sized room. These Carpets with FREE RUGS will be sent out as Sample Carpets. They are made of material equal to wool, and being a specialty of our own, can only be obtained direct from our Looms, thus saving the purchaser all middle profits. Over 600,000 sold during the last 18 months. Money willingly refunded if not approved. Thousands of Repeat Orders and Unsolicited Testimonials received. With every Carpet we shall absolutely give away a very handsome Bag to match. Illustrated Bargain Catalogue of Carpets, Hearthrugs, Blankets, Table Cloths, Curtains, etc., post free.—J. RODGERS & SONS (Dept. J.B.) WOODLEY ROAD, LEEDS.

Headachy, Bilious, Dull Out of Sorts?

It's Your Liver!



"Liverishness," languor, acidity, indigestion and dyspepsia, catarrh, neuralgic pains, backache, headache, rheumatism, gout, lumbago, etc., etc. all arise simply from the accumulation of impurities in the system. Obviously the one and only way to get rid of the complaints quickly and permanently is to clear the impurities out. To do this, simply drink occasionally, before breakfast, a tumbler of "Saltated" water, prepared by adding a level teaspoonful, or less, of refined Alkia Saltrates. This produces a pleasant-tasting drink, and, being a standard compound, can be had at little cost from any chemist.

USE ALKIA SALTRATES

FREE TRIAL OFFER

to ALL Sufferers from

Rheumatoid Arthritis

Some of our Distinguished Patrons.

The Rev. The MARQUIS of NORMANBY

Viscount HAWARDEN

Sir WILLIAM COOPER, Bart.

Sir ARTHUR CLAY, Bart.

Sir JAMES EVAN, K.C.I.E.

Sir WILLIAM WILCOCKS

Sir GEO. C. WALKER

DEAN MONAHAN

The Countess of MORAY

The Countess ROBERTS

Countess HARRINGTON

Viscountess PORTMAN

The Lady SEMPILL

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Lady GRAHAM

Lady HAMPSON

Lady INGLEY

Lady DE L'ISLE

Lady McCLINTOCK

Lady MORTON

Lady PHILLIPS

Lady SEAFORD

Lady YOUNGER

The Hon. Mrs. GRANT

The Hon. Mrs. GUINNESS

The Hon. Mrs. HOLFORD

Great Discovery by London Manufacturing Chemist—Thousands Cured—Prescribed and Recommended by over 300 Doctors.

This simple home treatment is working miracles every day. CURICONES have saved thousands of sufferers from despair. Their wonderful action often begins with the first dose—pain is banished—swellings disappear—vitality is restored. No such remedy has ever before been placed within the reach of sufferers from

Rheumatoid Arthritis, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Gout, Sciatica, Neuritis

The following extracts from letters received from members of the medical profession constitute more conclusive evidence than anything we can say regarding the value of CURICONES as a remedy for all Rheumatic Ailments.

REMARKABLE MEDICAL TESTIMONY.

Dr. J. W. (L.R.S.P., M.R.S.S.), of Cheshire, writes:—"I have suffered more or less from Rheumatoid Arthritis for four years. A month ago, when I commenced taking 'Curicones' I could only crawl about. I can now walk two miles at a stretch with comparatively little pain. 'Curicones' have given me truly marvellous relief."

Dr. D. and B. write:—"Enclosed please find cheque for capsules—am pleased to say they have had good results."

Dr. J. M. B. writes:—"The 'Curicones' sent me were used by a case of chronic Arthritis and gave great relief."

Dr. B. writes:—"Send 500 'Curicones' to-night certain—they are excellent."

Dr. M. K. writes:—"I enclose cheque for 'Curicones' for my daughter. I am so much better I want her to try them."

Send for FREE Trial Package and FREE BOOK—NO MONEY REQUIRED.

Curicones are prescribed and recommended by over 300 Doctors. Their action is prompt and direct. The cause, whether it be Uric Acid, Urates of Soda, Lime, Potash, etc., even Microbes, is removed without resort to nauseous drugs. CURICONES are pure gelatine capsules, containing an entirely new combination of medicines approved by the British Pharmaceutical Authorities. They are pleasant and easy to take, and relieve torturing pain in a very short time.

Fill in this Coupon NOW

If you are suffering from any trouble of a Rheumatic nature, fill in and post this coupon NOW, and in addition to the FREE TREATMENT and useful Book, you will receive further convincing testimony from the medical profession and former sufferers of the beneficial effects of CURICONES. This free treatment has been the first step to a complete cure with thousands of sufferers who had almost given up hope of ever enjoying life again. Don't delay. Post the coupon TODAY and learn how YOU can obtain relief from your pains in a few hours.

FREE TREATMENT COUPON.

Please send me free and post paid your trial package and book on Rheumatoid Arthritis and Rheumatic Affections, diet table and full particulars of your discovery.

NAME

ADDRESS

.....

.....

AILMENT

STEPHEN MATTHEWS & CO., Ltd.,

Manufacturing Chemists and Druggists

(Dept. E.A.3), 19-21, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4.

"The Greatest of These"

The Hunger March

Old Soldiers Walking Their Boots Off

TRAMP—tramp—tramp! The boys are marching! There is not much glory about these old soldiers. There is no martial music to cheer them along the road. The only sound in their ears is the crying of their children for food.

The men are tramping day after day in search of work. So it goes on week after week until their boots are worn out and despairingly they write to us to beg for money for fresh boots so that they may renew their tramp.

There is one man in Yorkshire. He has a wife and three children. He has not been able to find a decent permanent job since he was demobilised in 1919. He has no pension; his sole income is parish relief. An ex-soldier, a pauper! He has pawned all his clothes except the suit he has now worn to rags; his boots gape at him. His little girl cannot go to school; she has no boots.

ANOTHER fellow lives in North London. He has lately come out of hospital after a severe attack of bronchitis. He writes: "I have hardly got any boots to my feet, and I have been through this winter with damp feet and no overcoat." He has a crippled wife and three young children. No pension, no "dole." Only 16s. parish relief. Another soldier pauper!

A third man lives in Wales. He has a wife and five children. He contracted malaria in Salonika and is still a very sick man, though his pittance of a pension was discontinued long since. His last earnings he received three weeks ago when he gained 13s. by two days' work.

The "Greatest of These—" Fund needs more money to help cases such as these. Every shilling you send us will help to stop the dull, despairing tramp—tramp—tramp that sounds in our ears like the gasp of dying men.

"The Greatest of These—"

Registered under the War Charities Act as the JOHN BULL WAR SUFFERERS' FUND. All cheques should be made payable to the Fund, and donations addressed to the Hon. Secretary, at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Every penny that is subscribed to "The Greatest of These—" Fund goes to give help to the needy. All the expenses of administration are borne by JOHN BULL.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

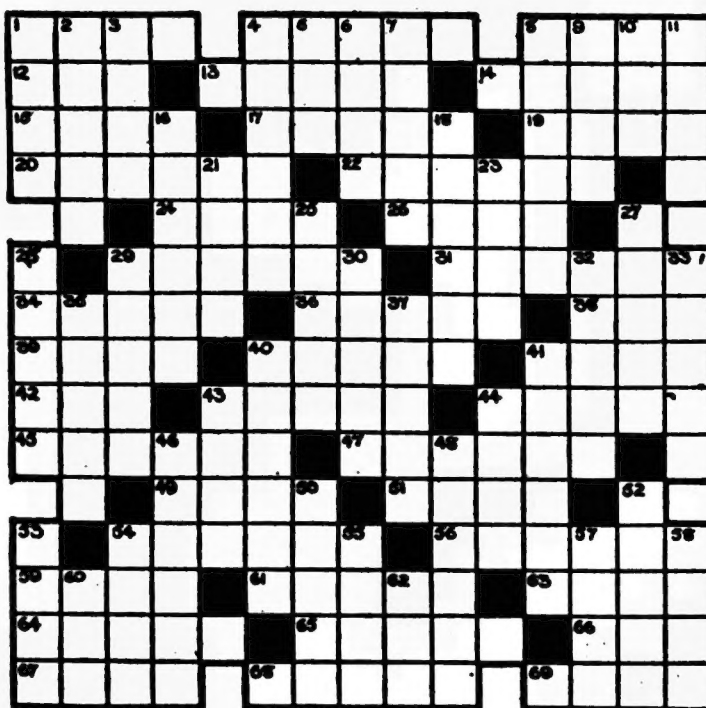
N. O. P. (Barton-on-Trent), 1s.; S. New (Sittingbourne), 6d.; Old Lem Mychett, 2s. 6d.; From a Boy, 6d.; Inasmuch, 21s.; Mrs. T. Kemp-ton (Castleford), 5s.; Mrs. Annie Farwell, 2s.; Edwin H. Bell (Jamaica), 21s.; Mr. C. D. Connors, 1s.; Mr. C. H. Faine (Summertown), 5s.; Mrs. Hayes (High Wycombe), 1s.; Mr. W. Adams (Glasgow), 1s.; Thankoffering, 2s.; Mr. Mary Thompson (Ripon), 5s.; Miss E. Gill (Wood Green), 2s. 6d.; H. Kildale (Warrington), 2s.; Anon. (Derby), 2s. 6d.; E. H. (age 8), 9d.; Mrs. J. Shrubbs (itchingfield), 1s.; Anon., 1s.; Anon. (Musculburgh), 2s.; Two Kiddies (Bristol), 1s.; R. G. H. (Southfields), 2s. 3s.; Mrs. A. Darling, 1s.; Commission 9th (Tooting), 10s.; J. N. S. M. E., 7d.; First Ninth (Edzell), 2s. 6d.; S. Bowden (Sutton), 2s. 6d.; Anon. (Nan-chesster), 1s. 9d.; G. W. B., 1s.; A John Bull Reader (Pitts), 2s.; E. S. C. (Rangoon), 2s.; Braw Lad (Galsburgh), 10s.; Grateful Heart, 2s.; Mr. Joseph Beck (Bookle), 1s.; Nan-v. 5s.; G. H. Arman (Goole), 1s.; B. A. S. (Tottenham), 2s. 6d.; Mrs. L. B. (Harrow Weald), 21s.; C. H. Randall (High Wycombe), 1s.; S. A. (Ealing), 2s.; Miss Noble (Bradford), 1s.; E. B. B. (Chester), 2s. 6d.; Miss H. Brandon, 2s. 6d.; Inasmuch (Walsley), 1s.; J. T. (Coventry), 6d.; G. (Barged), 2s.; Mrs. L. D. Humble, 12s.; H. B. (W. 2), 1s.; Anon., 1s.; M. S., 1s.; L. and B., 2s. 6d.; Mr. D. Lewis (Llanbythor), 1s.; Mrs. E. Moore, 2s. 6d.; Anon., 1s.; Mrs. Pearce, 9d.; Competitor and Regular Reader, 2s.

Parcels received from:—H. J. A. (Shrewsbury); Mrs. Braddy (Westhoughton); J. H. (Southend); Mrs. W. Elder (Leith); L. S. Bulwell; M. L. D. L. & E. L.; "For the Poor and Needy"; "To the Unborn Orphans"; Mrs. M. Soanes (Rigby); K. A. B.; Mrs. A. Chidgey.

(Many acknowledgments unavoidably held over.)

Our Cross-Word Corner

What About This!



CLUES ACROSS

- | | | | |
|--|---------------------------|----------------------------------|-----------------------------|
| 1. Part of a h use. | 19. An emi-nence. | 39. Inclination | 56. Kind of jacket. |
| 4. A rica's b grest river. | 20. Roving. | 40. One of the saints. | 59. Architectural moulding. |
| 8. A mop. | 22. Smooth paint. | 41. Kind of wine. | 61. Lorna's other name. |
| 12. High card. | 24. A list of candidates. | 42. To assuage | 63. Sensible. |
| 13. Pertaining to the lower part of the ear. | 26. Licensed vehicle. | 44. A tree. | 64. Ruffian. |
| | 29. Explana-tion. | 45 42 gallons. | 65. To avenge. |
| | 31. A country. | 49. Dry. | 66. Went swiftly. |
| | 34. Intended. | 51. Military musical instrument. | 67. Alone. |
| 14. A balance. | 36. Provincial holidays. | 54. Gloomy. | 68. To jeer. |
| 15. Not this. | 38. Dish. | | 69. Grasped. |
| 42. Competitor. | | | |

CLUES DOWN

1. Behind-hand.
2. A yellow clay.
3. Dread.
4. Spanish Parliament.
5. A Japanese sash.
6. Part of a church.
7. To bestow.
8. Plan.
9. To lament.
10. Every-thing.
11. A girdle.
12. A special faculty.
13. Bigger.
14. Tidy.
15. The red planet.
16. A drying cloth.
17. To frighten.
18. Compass.
19. Wife of a rajah.
20. Pertaining to birth.
21. Kind of lyric.
22. Committing to writing.
23. Weird.
24. Attuned.
25. Cluster of seven stars.
26. Feathers.
27. Land measurement.
28. Shivering fever.
29. Seldom.
30. That which remains unpaid.
31. To inun-date.
32. Relating to punish-ment.
33. A tramp.
34. A glen.
35. Old.
36. Person conveyed.
37. Tear.
38. A firearm.
39. Maiden name.

The solution of last week's Cross-word Puzzle is on page 2

The result of Competition No. 631
("Bullets" Ideal Home Offer)
will appear next week.

A Typical Testimonial

BULLETS Gifts are so varied and attractive that winners are finding it difficult to make a choice between them. Even more difficult is it for us to choose a letter from the scores of enthusiastic acknowledgments we have received from Bullets Gift winners.

"I should like to express my entire satisfaction with the Mahogany 8-day Clock which I selected," runs a typical testimonial from Mr. J. W. Collins, of 9, Florence Road, Maidstone. "Not only is it an excellent time-keeper, but its neat appearance and beautiful design evoke admiration in all who have seen it."

Gifts To Be Won

Here is the complete list of Bullets Gifts available for you to choose from, including the recent additions which have proved so popular:—

Portable Gramophone, 28-piece Canteen of Cutlery, Lady's Gold Wrist-watch, Children's Tan-sad Cycle, Electro-plated Tea Service, Complete Gecophone Wireless Set, 45s. Valet AutoStop Shaving Set, Lady's Toilet Set (tortoiseshell pattern), Large Doll's Pram, Expanding Suit Case, 42s. Gillette Gold-plated Razor Set, Case of Fish Knives and Servers, Aneroid Barometer, Real Crocodile Handbag, 50s. Waterbury Dress Watch, Inlaid Mahogany 8-day Clock, Sterling Silver Cigarette Case, Lady's Workcase, 45s. Folding Camera (Ensign make), charming Manicure Set, Case of 4 "City de Luxe" Pipes, 45s. Ingersoll Wrist Watch, handsome Smoking Cabinet, 40s. Waterman Pen and Pencil, 50s. "Orphean" Loud Speaker, Lady's Silk-lined Week-end Case, Bale of Blankets and Sheets, 42s. "Pythley" Tennis Racket, Folding Baby Carriage, 6 Pairs Silk Stockings, 42s. "Oval" Cricket Bat, selected and autographed by Jack Hobbs.

A better idea of the remarkable quality of these valuable prizes can be obtained from the Bullets Gift Booklet, a new edition of which has just been published. A postcard to-day will bring you this Booklet, and a good Bullet this week may bring you the Gift you want!

Coming Events

This Bullets page will be doubly interesting next week. It will contain the result of the JOHN BULL Ideal Home contest, and will also be the means of putting 500 splendid "Easter Eggs" into the pockets of Bullets competitors. £500 is the substantial nest-egg that heads this remarkable prize-list, and there are 499 other special prizes in this big Easter Offer.

Moreover, this is only one of the season's big Bullets opportunities. We have already set up new records in prize-lists this year, but records are made to be beaten. Watch the "Bullets" prize-list!

SELECTION OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 634.

WHEN THE BUGLE
CALLS
CHINESE WARFARE
WITHOUT A PENNY
HER FANGY
I'D LIKE TO BE
WORTH A FORTUNE
MAKES ME ANGRY
SON AND HER
GOING WEST
TREAT FOR FATHER

ASSENT
WHAT THE HOUSE-
AGENT SAID
WAY OF A WOMAN
WHY HE WAITED
GOING FOR HER
SAID TO THE WAITER
DESERVES TO WIN
COOLLY
VILLAGE DANCE
WHAT IS A BILL?

These Examples may be made use of on the Coupons on this page, and must reach us on or before **THURSDAY, APRIL 21**. All Coupons so used **MUST** be marked clearly with the number **634** in the top left-hand corner, and envelopes containing these Coupons must be addressed "Bullets" No. 634, JOHN BULL, Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.). Such Coupons must not contain any of the Examples for "Bullets" No. 633.

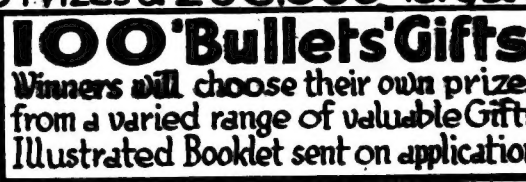
CHOOSE YOUR
OWN
PRIZE



100 'BULLETS' GIFTS
FIRST PRIZE



CHOOSE YOUR
OWN
PRIZE



100 PRIZES OF £1

100 'Bullets' Gifts!

Winners will choose their own prizes
from a varied range of valuable Gifts.
Illustrated Booklet sent on application.

200 PRIZES OF 5/-

Examples for "Bullets" Competition No. 633

FAMILY BUDGET
WHEN EYES ARE OPENED
AT IT AGAIN
HIGH PRICES
HOLDING THE LINE
WHEN LOVE DIES
HARDY
A LITTLE MORE
TELEPHONE GIRL
WITH A CAR
WINNING SMILE
WHEN HE WAS POOR
HER HANDKERCHIEF
MAN TO AVOID
IF WIFE WERE DUMB
TEST OF LOVE
IN RAGS
DANCING WITH HER
PARTNERS
WRONG PLACE
WHY FATHER WAS HAPPY
A WINDFALL
SWEETLY
WHEN FORCED
WOMAN WHO COUNTS
WHAT THE SCIENTIST SAID
WALKING
GIVING HER AWAY
FROM CRADLE TO GRAVE
LIKE A GIRL
A LOVER
WHAT IS THE LAW?

"BULLETS" RULES.
1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor is the best Bullet received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality.
2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon, and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each Coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL, and crossed and Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.
3. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.
4. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.
Employees of Odhams Press are not eligible to compete.

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS"

THERE is nothing difficult about Bullets. All you have to do is this. Select any of the Examples below—then give any TWO, THREE, or FOUR words with some bearing upon it. These specimens will guide you:—

Example:—BAD BOY
Example:—WIRELESS PROGRAMME
Example:—WRONG WAY

Bullet:—"GETS IT" FROM FATHER.
Bullet:—World To The Blind.
Bullet:—ABOUT—ARMAMENTS REDUCING NATIONS.

ENCLOSE A POSTAL ORDER AT THE RATE OF 6D. FOR EACH COUPON USED.

Address Coupons to "Bullets" No. 633, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.).

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, April 7.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(633) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. Address _____
With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d.

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, April 7.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(633) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. Address _____
With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 12d.

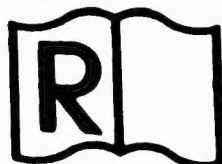
"Bullets" must consist of Two, Three or Four Words.

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, April 7.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(633) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. Address _____
With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 18d.

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, April 7.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(633) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. Address _____
With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 24d.

If you wish to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

Next Week 500 'Bullets' EASTER EGGS!



The VALUE of BOVRIL IN ILLNESS

Why do people instinctively turn to Bovril when illness threatens? Why is Bovril the first food thought of when the system has extra demands made upon it?

Because experience has taught that no other food equals Bovril in certain essential strength-giving qualities; that the vitalising powers of Beef, which are contained in Bovril, are of exceptionally high value in increasing resistance to infection and in stimulating and rebuilding an enfeebled system.

BOVRIL BUILDS YOU UP

